



Class **PS3525**

Book **O7779L5**
1922

Author _____

Title _____

Imprint _____



Denison's Select Plays

*Little
Miss Jack*

by
Lillian Mortimer

*G. S. Denison & Company
Publishers · Chicago
Price 35 cents*



Plays the Public Likes

AARON BOGGS, FRESHMAN

By Walter Ben Hare. Comedy in 3 acts; 8 males, 8 females. Time, 2½ hours. Price, 35 Cents.

ABBU SAN OF OLD JAPAN

By Walter Ben Hare. Comedy-drama in 2 acts; 15 females. Time, 2 hours. Price, 35 Cents.

THE CAMOUFLAGE OF SHIRLEY

By Lindsey Barbee. Comedy-drama in 3 acts; 8 males, 10 females. Time, 2¼ hours. Price, 35 Cents.

THE DEACON ENTANGLED

By Harry Osborne. Comedy in 3 acts; 6 males, 4 females. Time, 2 hours. Price, 35 Cents.

THE FIFTEENTH OF JANUARY

By Lindsey Barbee. Comedy in 3 acts; 11 males, 10 females. Time, 2¼ hours. Price, 35 Cents.

THE LADY OF THE LIBRARY

By Edith F. A. U. Pailton. Comedy-drama in 3 acts; 5 males, 10 females. Time, 2 hours. Price, 35 Cents.

MRS. TUBBS DOES HER BIT

By Walter Ben Hare. Comedy-drama in 3 acts; 7 males, 7 females. Time, 2¼ hours. Price, 35 Cents.

AN OLD FASHIONED MOTHER

By Walter Ben Hare. Dramatic parable in 3 acts; 6 males, 6 females. Time, 2¼ hours. Price, 35 Cents.

OUT OF THE STILLNESS

By Lindsey Barbee. Comedy-drama in 3 acts; 8 males, 9 females. Time, 2½ hours. Price, 35 Cents.

A PRAIRIE ROSE

By Edith F. A. U. Pailton. Comedy-drama in 4 acts; 7 males, 4 females. Time, 2½ hours. Price, 35 Cents.

THE SPELL OF THE IMAGE

By Lindsey Barbee. Comedy-drama in prologue and 3 acts; 10 males, 10 females. Time, 2½ hours. Price, 35 Cents.

STAR BRIGHT

By Edith F. A. U. Pailton. Comedy-drama in 3 acts; 6 males, 5 females. Time, 2½ hours. Price, 35 Cents.

T. S. Denison & Company, Publishers

623 S. Wabash Ave.

CHICAGO

LITTLE MISS JACK

A COMEDY-DRAMA

IN FOUR ACTS

BY

LILLIAN MORTIMER

AUTHOR OF

"The City Feller," "The Road to the City," etc.



CHICAGO

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

1922

PS3525
O777945
1922

Out of the darkness of poverty and suffering a strange whim of circumstance brought Jacqueline into her rightful inheritance. But the shadow of grim tragedy lurked always behind the bright curtain of romance. How many girls would have faced their enemies with the courage of Little Miss Jack?



NOTICE

PRODUCTION OF THIS PLAY
is free to amateurs, but the sole
professional rights are reserved by
the author, who may be addressed
in care of the publishers. Motion
picture and fiction rights reserved.

COPYRIGHT, 1922

By

LILLIAN MORTIMER

©CLD 61495

JUL 24 1922

LITTLE MISS JACK

FOR SIX MEN AND FIVE WOMEN

THE CHARACTERS

(In the order in which they appear or speak.)

MAGGIE.....	<i>A Girl of the Bowery</i>
JIMMIE.....	<i>With No Taste for "Woik"</i>
JULIA TREVORS....	<i>Who Has Been a Mother to Jack</i>
JACQUELINE.....	<i>Little Miss Jack</i>
DOCTOR CARLYLE.....	<i>A Successful Physician</i>
PAUL SANBORN.....	<i>His Assistant</i>
NEENA.....	<i>The Doctor's Adopted Daughter</i>
AUNT KATHIE.....	<i>The Doctor's Sister</i>
RIDER.....	<i>A Social Hanger-On</i>
DRAKE.....	<i>A Justice of the Peace</i>
JONES.....	<i>Of the Police</i>

PLACE—*New York City.*

TIME—*The Present.*

TIME OF PLAYING—*About Two Hours.*

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I. The tenement home of Julia Trevors in the Bowery of New York City. Evening.

ACT II. The library in Dr. Carlyle's home in a fashionable quarter of the city. An hour later.

ACT III. Same scene as Act II. Evening, four months later.

ACT IV. A miserable room in an east side tenement. That night.

COSTUMES AND CHARACTERISTICS.

MAGGIE. Aged 17. An energetic, big hearted, gum chewing, illiterate bowery girl who has her troubles with Jimmie, her "steady." She is devoted to Jack, and adores the Doctor. Shabby dress, shoes too large, loud stockings, hair an exaggeration of the latest mode, for Act I. Short, loud striped skirt that sags in the back, loud hose and large white canvas shoes, large white cotton gloves, bright beads and long, cheap earrings, small hat with scraggly, drooping bright feathers; carries a ridiculous purse and chews gum excitedly, for Act III. A long, loose, calico wrapper that she can slip out of quickly; small shawl worn over her head; scraggly gray wig (a little large, to be easily put on and removed); funny pair of old-fashioned corsets; long-sleeved, red flannel shirt and flannel or funny striped petticoat, for Act IV.

JIMMIE. Aged 21. A wide-awake, shrewd, happy-go-lucky, impertinent boy of the bowery, whose chief aim is to please "Mag" and avoid "woik." Light trousers, belt, canvas shoes, all shabby and worn; shirt of flannel or muslin, open at the neck; no collar or tie; cap pulled down over one eye, for Act I. Cheap, light "store suit" of very loud pattern, and a little too small for him; high white collar that worries his ears; red neck; red necktie; purple socks; white canvas shoes; stiff straw hat with bright ribbon band; loud shirt with great display of cuffs; belt with flashy buckle, for Acts III and IV.

JULIA TREVORS. Aged 36. A refined, handsome woman whose face shows the struggle with poverty and sickness. Her hair is prematurely gray, and she is very pale. She may wear a shabby one-piece dress of dark calico with a shawl around her shoulders, or a

shabby bathrobe; black cotton stockings and worn house slippers. (Can double as AUNT KATHIE.)

JACK. Aged 16. A sweet, childlike girl, generous and lovable; bright and frank with her friends, but shy with strangers; devoted to Mrs. Trevors and fond of Maggie and Jimmie; in marked contrast with Neena, she is quite ignorant of the world. Her first costume includes a pair of jean jumpers or overalls; shabby shoes; gingham shirt and a boy's large straw hat, from which she changes to a quaint, old fashioned dress with a skirt that is too long; white cotton hose and strapped slippers; old-style hat or bonnet; her hair hangs in curls. She must look old fashioned, yet quaint and sweet, in Act I. She wears this same costume in Act II until she changes to a pretty evening gown of white, with silver or white satin evening slippers and hose to match. (There is a hole in the toe of her right stocking, for business when Paul changes the slippers.) Low necked, one-piece dress of black canton crepe, with dainty white lace collar and cuffs; black silk hose and satin slippers, for Act III. The same, with Neena's cloak, for Act IV.

DOCTOR CARLYLE. Aged 42. A handsome man, with hair quite gray over the temples; wears eyeglasses; rather gruff, but generous and kind hearted; he devotes half his time to attending the poor of the lower east side. Business suit, somewhat worn; cap or soft hat; auto coat (optional), for Act I. Same for Act II. Neater business suit for Acts III and IV.

PAUL SANBORN. Aged 24. A manly young fellow, straightforward and honest; is devoted to the doctor, whom he admires immensely; his heart goes out in sympathy to Jack the moment he sees her. Dark business suit with auto coat and cap, for Act I. Same for Act II. Lighter business suit for Acts III and IV.

NEENA. Aged 16. A worldly-wise, up-to-date girl, selfish and heartless; loves Paul and hates Jack; is determined to have her way, whatever the cost. Costly hat and handsome auto coat for Act I, concealing pretty dinner gown to make quick change for Act II; satin pumps or slippers; silk hose. Removes coat and hat after first exit in Act II. Fashionable afternoon frock, under handsome long cloak or coat; silk hose and brocaded or satin slippers; small hat; bead bag or fancy purse, for Act III.

AUNT KATHIE. Aged 50. A dignified, aristocratic woman with snow white hair, dressed in the latest mode. A black or gray dinner gown, with diamond brooch, for Act II. Handsome dinner gown for Act III.

RIDER. Aged 30. A smooth, keen, man-about-town, who seems always to have plenty of time and money; is received in the best set, is popular with the women, but is regarded by the men with suspicion; a rather extravagant dresser. Light-colored business suit; tan shoes, hose and gloves, for Act II. Dark cutaway or frock coat with gardenia in buttonhole; gray trousers; silk hat; gray gloves; patent leather shoes; gray spats—or fashionable business suit with black derby—for Act III. Same, with top coat or auto coat, for Act IV.

DRAKE. Aged 50. Very disreputable looking; shifty-eyed; unshaven; appears only once, and has but a few lines to speak. Shabby shoes, suit and hat. (Can double as JONES.)

JONES. Appears only once, and has no lines to speak. May appear either as a uniformed policeman, or as a plain clothes man with a badge.

PERSONAL PROPERTIES

MAGGIE—Pillow, comforter, matches, lamp, chewing gum, glass pitcher with water for Act I; old crockery pitcher with water for Act IV, gray wig, little shawl.

JIMMIE—Unloaded revolver.

JULIA TREVORS—None.

JACK—An orange, a bundle of newspapers, silver dollar, small bottle wrapped in paper and filled with water for medicine, old-fashioned satchel, silver slippers, nightgown, hose, comb, brush, tooth brush, white petticoat, etc., to pack in satchel, skein of yarn, small Bible.

DOCTOR—Cigars, medicine case, newspaper, water pitcher and glass, paper powders, pencil, small pad of paper or notebook, glasses and handkerchief.

PAUL—None.

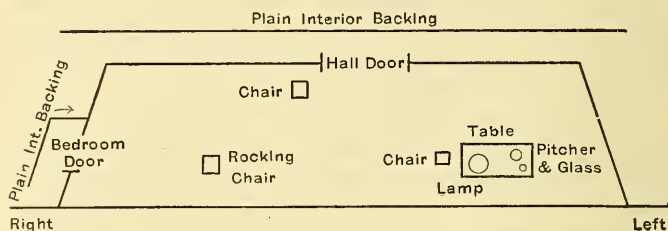
NEENA—Purse.

AUNT KATHIE—Brooch.

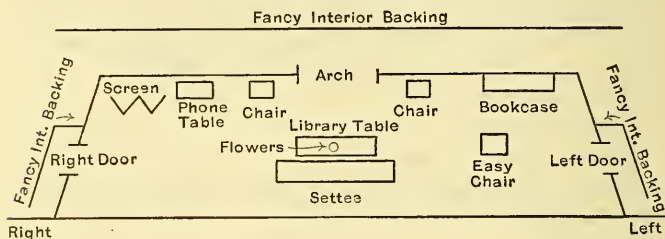
RIDER—Matches, powder in paper, cigar, a roll of paper money.

SCENE PLOT.

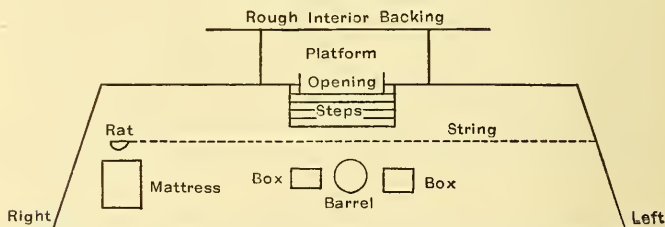
ACT I.



ACTS II AND III.



ACT IV.



STAGE DIRECTIONS

Up stage means away from footlights; *down stage*, near footlights. In the use of *right* and *left*, the actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

LITTLE MISS JACK

THE FIRST ACT.

SCENE: *The tenement home of Julia Trevors in the Bowery of New York City. A plain chamber interior, with a door left of center leading into the hall and a door right leading to another room. Plain interior backing for each door. Everything indicates extreme poverty. Down left of center is a cheap table with a threadbare spread, and on it a lamp, a pitcher and a drinking glass. At the right side of the table is a kitchen chair. Another cheap chair is up right of center, near the rear wall, and a rocking chair is down near the right door. A ragged rug or two may be on the bare floor. In the rocking chair there are several pillows and a ragged comforter or blanket.*

LIGHTS: *Up three-quarters until lamp is lighted. Then up full.*

The rise of the curtain reveals MAGGIE arranging the pillows and comforter in the rocking chair.

JIMMIE *sneaks in the center door sheepishly.*

JIMMIE. What ye doin', Mag?

MAGGIE (*standing erect*). Well, say! Where ye ben all day?

JIMMIE (*guiltily*). Me?

MAGGIE. Yes, you. What did you tell me, eh? Didn't you say if I'd marry you you wouldn't make me no more trouble? Didn't you? You said you'd get a respectable job and be honest, didn't you? And here you've ben gone all day, and come home lookin' like a low-down sneak. What ye ben doin'—pickin' pockets?

JIMMIE. Aw, say, Mag—I've ben lookin' for woik.

MAGGIE. You can't lie to me.

JIMMIE. Honest, Mag.

MAGGIE. Then what ye lookin' so sneakin' about?

JIMMIE. I ain't lookin' sneakin', Mag.

MAGGIE. You are, too.

JIMMIE. Mag, I was lookin' for honest woik.

MAGGIE. Yes, and prayin' ye wouldn't get it.

JIMMIE. Mag, I'm goin' to woik to-morrow.

MAGGIE. Jimmie Branagan!

JIMMIE. Honest. Cross my heart.

MAGGIE. Where?

JIMMIE. Stein's sweat shop.

MAGGIE. How much you goin' to get?

JIMMIE. Seventy-five cents a day. (*Grins.*) Great, ain't it? Workin' from seven a. m. till five p. m. for seventy-five cents!

MAGGIE. Well, it's honest.

JIMMIE (*sneeringly*). Yes it is!

MAGGIE. Why ain't it?

JIMMIE. I'd be honest. But it don't make de crooks honest dat makes me woik for seventy-five cents a day.

MAGGIE. Ye see? I know you won't stay there. (*Cries.*)

JIMMIE. I'm goin' to give it a honest try, Mag. Kin a guy do more? (*Embraces her.*)

MAGGIE. When do you begin?

JIMMIE. To-morrow at seven a. m. Oh, mama!

MAGGIE. Oh, Jimmie, I am glad. Save y'r money and I'll save mine, and then we can be married when we've saved fifty dollars.

JIMMIE. Say, Mag. By dat time I'll have whiskers down to here. (*Points to knees.*)

MAGGIE. Oh, poor Mrs. Trevors is waitin' to come out here so I kin make her bed.

JIMMIE. How is she to-day?

MAGGIE. She ain't no better. She's sent for Doctor Carlyle.

JIMMIE. Who's he?

MAGGIE. Why, he's the doctor that comes to see the poor and don't charge nothing.

JIMMIE. A charity guy.

MAGGIE. Well, I think it's pretty kind of him, believe me. (*Fixes chair.*) I wanted to call him in long ago, but Mrs. Trevors would have a fit.

JIMMIE. She's awful proud.

MAGGIE. You bet. She kept saying she'd get better, but I knowed she wouldn't. Now I guess she's afraid. She made me go to de corner and 'phome de doctor.

MRS. TREVORS (*calls faintly, off right*). Maggie.

MAGGIE (*calls*). Yes, Mrs. Trevors, I'm comin'. (*Going right.*) Jimmie! (*Motions JIMMIE to go, and exits right door.*)

JIMMIE. Yep. (*He starts to go out, but remains standing awkwardly near center door.*)

MAGGIE and MRS. TREVORS enter right. MAGGIE leads MRS. TREVORS carefully, and seats her in the rocking chair. MRS. TREVORS is very pale and weak.

MAGGIE. There. (*Fixes pillow.*)

MRS. TREVORS. What time is it, Maggie?

MAGGIE. It's about half-past-four, Mrs. Trevors.

MRS. TREVORS. The doctor?

MAGGIE. Yes, ma'am. He said he'd be here by five.

MRS. TREVORS. And Jackie?

MAGGIE. Jackie? (MRS. TREVORS nods her head "yes.") Oh, she was in about two. You was sleepin'. She sneaked in and kissed you. Then she had some bread and butter and said, "Tell mother the papers are sellin' fine."

MRS. TREVORS. My poor little Jack.

MAGGIE (*aside to JIMMIE*). Git out! (*JIMMIE jumps.*) I'll go in and shake up your bed, Mrs. Trevors.

MRS. TREVORS. How kind you are to me, Maggie. I can never repay you, I'm afraid.

MAGGIE. Ah, forgot it, Mrs. Trevors. I love to do it. Ain't you ben kind to me? I'll go fix your bed. (*Looks at JIMMIE, motions him "get out," and exits right door.*)

JIMMIE (*coming down to Mrs. Trevors*). How are you, Mrs. Trevors? Anyt'ing I kin do for ye?

MRS. TREVORS (*smiles*). You're a good boy, Jimmie.

JIMMIE (*embarrassed*). Yes, ma'am. I got a job.

MRS. TREVORS. Oh, I'm so glad.

JIMMIE. Yes, ma'am. Next week, after I git me wages, you kin have somet'ing good to eat. Some peaches—and—and—pork chops—an' pie. Den you'll soon be on your feet ag'in. What you need is a good square meal to stick behind your gums.

MRS. TREVORS (*smiles faintly*). Thank you, Jimmie. But I'm afraid it is too late. Just the same, heaven will bless you for all your kindness to me.

JIMMIE. Yes, ma'am. Will you have a ice cream cone? (*Mrs. Trevors shakes her head "no."*) I kin stand Dooley off for a lemon sody if ye t'ink you'd like it.

MRS. TREVORS (*smiles*). No, thank you, Jimmie.

JIMMIE. Yes, ma'am. Anyt'ing else I kin do for ye? (*Backs to center door.*)

MRS. TREVORS. No, thank you.

The center door opens suddenly and JACK comes in. She closes the door as she speaks.

JACK. Hello, Jimmie. (*Sees Mrs. TREVORS.*) Oh, mother! (*Runs to and kneels beside her.*) See what I've brought you. Orange Ben, at the fruit store, gave it to me. And look! (*Holds up silver dollar.*) A kind old gentleman bought a paper, and he said, "Why do you dress like a boy?" And I said, "Because jumpers are cheaper than dresses." Then he told me to keep the change. What shall I buy for you, dearest?

JIMMIE (*helpfully*). Get some corn beef and cabbage.

JACK (*scornfully*). Corn beef and cabbage! Shall I get some ice cream, mother? Oh, I know. We'll give it to the doctor, eh, dearest?

JIMMIE (*disgusted*). Kin ye beat dat! (*Sits in chair near hall door.*)

JACK. How white you are, mother. Are you feeling worse? Oh, you will get better, won't you, dearest?

MRS. TREVORS. Dear little Jack, I'm going to try now to make up to you for all the years of misery and hunger I've brought you to. You love me, don't you?

JACK. Love you, mother? Well I guess yes. You've been the best and dearest mother in all the wide world. (*Hugs her.*)

MAGGIE *enters, right door.*

MAGGIE. Hello, Jackie. Mrs. Trevors, do you want to go back to your bed now?

MRS. TREVORS. No, Maggie. I'll stay here until the doctor comes.

JACK. See, Maggie, what a kind old gentleman gave me. (*Holds up the silver dollar.*)

MAGGIE. Gee! A whole dollar!

JACK. I'll tell the world.

MAGGIE. Jimmie Branagan! Can't you find something to do?

JIM. Gee, Mag, can't you let me rest? I gotta woik all day to-morrow.

JACK. Oh, Jimmie, are you going to work—honest?

JIMMIE. Yep. What do you know about it!

JACK. Isn't that fine!

JIMMIE (*disgusted*). Great!

DR. CARLYLE *knocks at hall door*.

MAGGIE. Sh! Dere's de doctor. (JACK *jumps up*. MAGGIE *pushes* JIMMIE *toward right*.) Go on in dere. Hurry up! Mrs. Trevors wants to be alone wid de doctor.

JACK. Must I go, too? Oh, can't I stay?

MAGGIE. No, no. Beat it.

(JACK and JIMMIE *exunt*, *right door*. MAGGIE *opens hall door*.)

DR. CARLYLE, *carrying his medicine case, steps in briskly*. MAGGIE *closes the door*. *Lights gradually dim to three-quarters*.

DOCTOR (*breezily*). Am I in the right place? Does Mrs. Trevors want to see me? (*Puts his case on table*.)

MAGGIE. Yes, sir.

DOCTOR (*putting on glasses, sees* MRS. TREVORS). Ah, here we are, eh?

MAGGIE. Yes, sir. That's Mrs. Trevors. Call me if you want me, sir. (*Exits, right door*.)

DOCTOR. Yes, my girl. (*Brings chair down stage and sits beside* MRS. TREVORS.) Well, you don't look very fit, but we'll soon remedy that.

MRS. TREVORS. Dr. Carlyle—you don't remember me. (*Shakes head sadly*.) How time changes us.

DOCTOR (*thoughtfully*). Your face is familiar. Have I—(*trying to remember*). Trevors—your eyes—Why,

surely not—not—Julia Raymond? (MRS. TREVORS *nods her head "yes."*)

DOCTOR (*astonished*). Julia Raymond! Why, what are you doing here?

MRS. TREVORS. It's a long, long story. I am dying. James, I have sent for you to tell you what I never expected to tell a living soul. But it is for her sake—for Jackie's sake.

DOCTOR (*rises and crosses to table*). Wait. (*Takes a powder from case, puts it in glass of water, crosses and gives it to MRS. TREVORS.*) Drink this, Julia.

MRS. TREVORS (*drinks*). Thank you, James. I am dying, I know. James, you will forgive me—anything—now.

DOCTOR. I am afraid it is I who should ask forgiveness, Julia.

MRS. TREVORS. James, when you—threw me over—sixteen years ago, and married Ellen Marsh—I wanted to die. Then I grew strong with hate, and wanted to live. My one thought, day and night, was revenge.

DOCTOR. I— (*Covers his face with hands.*) I have no excuse.

MRS. TREVORS. Ah, well, that is past and gone. I must tell you why I sent for you. (*Pause.*) When your baby was born—your little girl—

DOCTOR (*rising quickly*). Julia!

MRS. TREVORS. Yes, it was I who stole her.

DOCTOR. You don't mean—?

MRS. TREVORS. Listen. Let me tell you while I have the strength. (DOCTOR *sinks back into his chair.*) I am glad your wife died without knowing. Yes, I know you put another child, a foundling, in your wife's arms; because the shock of the loss of her baby, had she known, would have killed her. You saved me that awful re-

morse. I know that your wife died five years ago and that you have raised the foundling as your own.

DOCTOR. But my own baby?

MRS. TREVORS. She is living—here in this hovel. A poor little waif, uneducated, ill-clad—and hungry. Oh, James, forgive me! She believes me—she believes me to be her mother. I have been kind to her, James. She hasn't suffered—until the last two years. I want to give her back to you. Ah, how you will love her. (*Pause.*) When I disappeared, I went to Mexico. I called myself Mrs. Trevors. I kept in hiding until you gave up the search, thinking the child dead.

DOCTOR. But I never connected the disappearance of my child with your departure.

MRS. TREVORS. No, I planned that well. Then my health failed, and I wanted to—

JACK *peeps in at right door.*

JACK. Mother! Please, may I come in now? (*Runs to MRS. TREVORS and kneels at her left.*) Oh, mother, are you worse? (*Embraces her.*)

MRS. TREVORS. No. No, dear, I'm better—much better.

JACK (*rises and turns to DOCTOR*). Doctor, please make my mother well again. I can give you a dollar now. It's all we have (*shows dollar*). But some day we will pay you. Mother and I will work together. It won't take us long. Mother can sew beautifully; can't you, dearest?

DOCTOR. My dear, let me look at you. (*Takes her chin in his hands.*) My—little—girl; my little girl. (*Wipes his eyes.*)

JACK (*seeing his tears*). Oh—will she die? Will my mother die? Oh, no, no! Please—please, doctor! (*Clings to him.*)

MAGGIE and JIMMIE enter, right door.

DOCTOR. My dear, I will do all I can for your—mother. (*Pause.*) So you love her, do you?

JACK (*astonished*). Love her? Everybody loves my mother. She is so kind and good. (*Crosses and puts her arm around MRS. TREVORS.*)

DOCTOR (*writes on pad*). Here, dear, run to the drug store on the corner and get this prescription filled for me. (*Gives her the paper.*)

JACK. Yes, sir. (*Kisses MRS. TREVORS and exits quickly into the hall, closing the door.*)

MAGGIE. Shall I light the lamp for you, Mrs. Trevors?

(JIMMIE is standing around awkwardly, looking on.)

MRS. TREVORS. Yes, if you please, Maggie. Then go home. You are tired and have to get up so early in the morning to go to work.

MAGGIE. Oh, that's all right. (*Lights lamp on table. Stage lights up full.*) I'll be over the first thing in the morning, before I go to me work.

MRS. TREVORS. Thank you, Maggie.

MAGGIE. Oh, that's all right. (*Aside to JIMMIE.*) Get out! (*Turns.*) Good night, Mrs. Trevors.

MRS. TREVORS. Good night.

MAGGIE. Good night, doctor.

DOCTOR. Good night, my girl; good night.

JIMMIE (*who has been stealing nervously down center*). Is dere anyt'ing I kin do for ye?

(MAGGIE grabs him by the arm and they exeunt into hall. DOCTOR closes hall door.)

MRS. TREVORS. James, there is no hope for me, I know. (DOCTOR hesitates.) Don't be afraid to tell me the truth. I can't last much longer.

DOCTOR (*seriously*). No. No, Julia.

MRS. TREVORS. I am glad. (*Sighs.*) I'm tired—so tired. The struggle has been a long one. You won't let Jackie forget me? I want you to take her to-night. Will you, James? I don't want her to be here when—you understand.

DOCTOR. Yes. And I'll take you where you will receive proper care.

MRS. TREVORS. It will not be necessary, James. I shall—soon—go—now.

JACK *enters, running, from the hall.*

JACK. Was I gone long? Here it is. (*Gives bottle to DOCTOR and closes hall door.*)

(DOCTOR *crosses to table and fixes medicine, putting a spoonful in a little water.*)

MRS. TREVORS. Jackie.

JACK. Yes, mother.

MRS. TREVORS. The doctor says I must go to a hospital.

JACK (*in alarm*). Oh, dearest!

MRS. TREVORS. I shall get every care, dear. You are to go home with the doctor, and—stay there until—I am better. Will you go?

JACK. I may come to see you?

MRS. TREVORS. Yes, Jackie.

DOCTOR (*crosses to center*). Will you come to my home, dear—for a while?

JACK. Have you a daughter, sir?

DOCTOR. Yes, I have—a daughter. She is waiting for me now.

JACK. That pretty girl in the automobile downstairs?

DOCTOR. Yes.

JACK. Is that her brother with her?

DOCTOR. No. He is a friend of the family. He's studying medicine and lives with me.

JACK. I like him.

MRS. TREVORS. Will you go and get ready now, dear?

JACK. Oh, mother! (*Throws arms around MRS. TREVORS.*) I don't want to leave you. Oh, not to-night, dearest.

MRS. TREVORS. You have always obeyed me, Jackie. Remember, I always do what is best for my little girl. Don't make it too hard for me, dear.

JACK. No, no, dearest. I'll go; I'll go. (*Kisses her and exits, right door.*)

(*MRS. TREVORS sinks back into chair, exhausted.*)

DOCTOR (*gets medicine in glass*). Here, Julia. Drink this.

MRS. TREVORS (*drinks*). You forgive me, James?

DOCTOR. Yes, Julia. It is useless to regret. But I wish—

MRS. TREVORS (*eagerly*). Yes?

DOCTOR. I wish we could begin our lives where we parted.

MRS. TREVORS. You mean—?

DOCTOR. I mean, that I realized, when it was too late, that—I loved you.

MRS. TREVORS. James!

DOCTOR. Julia. (*Takes her hand.*)

MRS. TREVORS. Dear friend. On the verge of the grave, "Thou spreadest a table before me—my cup runneth over." I shall pass through the valley of the shadow—on wings of happiness. (*Leans her head back on chair and smiles.*)

PAUL *knocks on hall door. DOCTOR crosses and opens the door quietly. PAUL steps just inside.*

DOCTOR. Hello, Paul.

PAUL (*quietly*). Hello, governor. I thought I might be of some help, you were gone so long.

NEENA *appears in the hall doorway, steps in and looks around disgustedly.*

NEENA (*loudly*). For pity's sake, papa—

DOCTOR. Sh!

NEENA. What in the world is keeping you so long? It's nearly dinner time. I'm hungry.

DOCTOR. Paul, step to the drug store on the corner and phone to René to send over a taxi.

PAUL (*aside to him, looking at Mrs. TREVORS*). Hospital?

DOCTOR. Yes.

PAUL. Yes, sir. (*Exits quickly into hall, closing hall door as he goes.*)

NEENA. Papa, have we got to wait until—

DOCTOR (*coolly*). When Paul returns, you may go home with him. I must go to the hospital.

NEENA (*pettishly*). Oh, dear! That's always the way—

DOCTOR. Be quiet.

JACK *enters, right door, dressed in a quaint, old-fashioned gown; she carries a little old-fashioned satchel and wears a quaint little hat.*

JACK. Here I am. (*Sees NEENA and stops suddenly.*) Oh.

DOCTOR. My dear, are you ready?

JACK. Yes, sir. (*Crosses to left of Mrs. TREVORS.*) Mother dearest.

DOCTOR. Neena, I am going to take this little girl home with me, and I want you—

NEENA (*aghast*). Why, Papa Carlyle! Take her home with you? Aunt Kathie will be furious. (*This is said in an aside to DOCTOR. MRS. TREVORS and JACK do not hear it.*)

DOCTOR (*quietly*). My sister will do as I say, Miss. (*Turns to MRS. TREVORS.*) Mrs. Trevors, this is my—daughter.

MRS. TREVORS (*holding out her hand*). How do you do, my dear.

NEENA (*not noticing hand, says shortly*). How do you do.

DOCTOR. Neena (*warningly*), this is Jackie. I am sure you will do all you can to make this little girl feel that she is in her own home.

JACK (*crosses to NEENA*). I'm so glad to know you. I think you are so pretty—I shall just love to be with you.

NEENA (*coolly*). Thanks awfully. (*To DOCTOR.*) Am I to take her in the car with me?

DOCTOR. Will you go home with Neena, Jackie?

JACK (*disappointed at NEENA's manner, crosses to MRS. TREVORS*). Shall I, mother?

MRS. TREVORS. Yes, dear.

JACK (*trying to keep back the tears*). Shall I see you the first thing in the morning?

MRS. TREVORS (*with an effort*). Yes, dear.

DOCTOR (*to JACK*). Your mother will be so comfortable, in a nice white bed, with a kind nurse to wait on her, and I shall stay by her bedside until morning. (*Crosses to hall door and opens it.*)

JACK (*wiping her eyes, tries to smile*). Good night, dearest. (*Embraces MRS. TREVORS.*)

MRS. TREVORS. Good night, my baby. Be a good girl—always. Mother loves you. (*Kisses and embraces JACK.*) I shall soon—be—quite well.

JACK (*bravely*). Yes, mother.

PAUL *enters from the hall.*

PAUL (*to DOCTOR*). All right, governor; be here in twenty minutes.

NEENA (*terribly bored*). Well, are we ready?

DOCTOR. Paul, this little girl is going home to stay with Neena for a few days. (*Aside.*) You understand. (*To JACK.*) This is Mr. Paul Sanborn, my dear.

PAUL (*crosses to JACK and says heartily*). I am surely happy to meet you. (*Shakes hands with JACK.*) Well, shall we go?

NEENA. We shall be too late for dinner if we don't go at once.

DOCTOR. Yes; run along.

JACK (*to MRS. TREVORS*). Good night, dearest. I will be brave. (*They embrace.*)

MRS. TREVORS. God keep you, my baby. Good night.

(*PAUL crosses to JACK in sympathy, takes her left hand, to lead her up to the hall door. NEENA exits into the hall. JACK turns, blinded with tears, as PAUL gently guides her. PAUL picks up JACK's satchel and leads her out into the hall. When JACK has gone, MRS. TREVORS sinks back in her chair. DOCTOR closes hall door and crosses down to MRS. TREVORS.*)

DOCTOR (*cheerfully*). Courage, Julia! You will soon be on the road to recovery (*takes her hand, sits in chair facing her*), where we will join hands and begin life all over again—God willing.

MRS. TREVORS (*looks into his face and smiles faintly*). God willing!

CURTAIN.

LITTLE MISS JACK

THE SECOND ACT.

SCENE: *The library in Dr. Carlyle's home in a fashionable quarter of the city. An hour later. Library or drawing room interior, with arched opening or open double doorway center, and doors right and down left. Fancy backing for each of the three openings. There is a book case against the rear wall, left. Between the bookcase and the center arch stands a chair. Close to the rear wall, near the right corner, stands a folding screen. Between the screen and the center arch is a chair. A small table stands against the rear wall, between screen and chair. On it are a telephone, a writing pad and a pencil. About halfway down center is a long, luxurious settee, facing the audience. Back of it is a library table with a vase of flowers. An easy chair is a little further up stage, about midway between the table and the left door. A handsome rug is on the floor, and the balance of the room decorations all combine to indicate a home of wealth and good taste.*

LIGHTS: *Up full throughout the Act.*

No one is on the stage when the curtain rises. AUNT KATHIE enters from the right, goes up to the center arch and looks off to the left.

AUNT K. (*speaking to someone in the hall*). Well; what in the world has detained you? Dinner has been waiting for an hour.

NEENA *enters center arch, from the left, followed by JACK. NEENA pays as little attention as possible to JACK.*

NEENA. I can't help it.

AUNT K. (*sees JACK*). Well, what on earth!

NEENA (*going right*). Some more of papa's philanthropy.

AUNT K. (*aside to NEENA*). He isn't going to keep her here?

NEENA (*removing her gloves*). Yes, indeed.

AUNT K. Mercy on us!

NEENA. I am going in to dinner.

AUNT K. (*uncertain*). Do you think we ought to—

NEENA. Let her eat with the servants. (*Exits, right door.*)

AUNT K. Wait here, little girl. I'll send a maid to you. You shall have your dinner in a little while. Are you hungry?

JACK (*meekly*). Yes, I am a little hungry.

AUNT K. Well, sit down. (*Exits, right door.*)

JACK *sits quietly in the chair by the bookcase with her little satchel in her lap. RIDER enters briskly, center arch, from the left; sees JACK and stops suddenly.*

RIDER (*surprised*). Hello!

JACK (*friendly*). Hello. (*Smiles.*)

RIDER (*interested*). Waiting for something?

JACK. Yes, sir; my dinner.

RIDER (*laughs*). Well, what do you know about that. Haven't you had your dinner?

JACK. Not yet, sir.

RIDER (*puzzled*). Have you an appointment with the doctor?

JACK. I—I didn't see any, sir.

RIDER (*thinks she is kidding him at first*). I mean, do you want to see the doctor?

JACK. Oh, yes. I like him, don't you?

RIDER. Yes, indeed.

JACK. He is with my mother now.

RIDER. Is your mother ill?

JACK. Yes, sir. But the doctor is going to cure her. He is very clever. Mother is going to the hospital and I have come here for a visit.

RIDER. The deuce you say! Excuse me. So you are here for a little visit, eh?

JACK. Yes, sir.

RIDER. Well, where are the folks?

JACK. They are at dinner.

RIDER (*laughs*). By jove! You are from the east side, aren't you?

JACK. Yes, sir.

RIDER. Have you lived in New York long?

JACK. Two years, sir.

RIDER. So your mother is ill, eh?

JACK. Yes, sir. (*Each "yes, sir" is said with a different inflection, for comedy.*)

RIDER. Is your father living?

JACK. I never had a father, sir.

RIDER. Hm. Any brothers?

JACK. No, sir.

RIDER. What do you do for a living?

JACK. Sell papers, sir.

RIDER (*astonished*). Sell papers! (*Eyes her critically.*) You're not a bad looking girl. (*Goes to her.*)

JACK. No, sir.

RIDER. Eh? (*Laughs.*) Well, you're all right. How would you like to have dinner with me? Are you hungry?

JACK. Yes, sir.

RIDER. That's the way to talk. Well, I know of a nice little place. You come with me and—

(*JACK rises quickly and starts trustfully with RIDER.*)

PAUL *enters, center arch, from the left, and takes in the situation.*

PAUL. Hello, Jack. Where are you going?

RIDER. Hello, Paul. Why, I was going to take her out for something to eat. (*Laughs, embarrassed.*) Poor kid's hungry. She doesn't seem to be very welcome here.

PAUL (*coolly*). She's a guest of the doctor's. I think they will attend to her dinner, Rider.

RIDER (*with an indifferent shrug*). Oh, sure.

AUNT KATHIE *enters, right door, crosses to RIDER and shakes hands warmly.*

AUNT K. Oh, how do you do, Mr. Rider. Paul, have you had your dinner? (*To JACK.*) Go in to your dinner, child. Go right through that way—(*points, right, to the kitchen.*)

JACK. Yes, ma'am. (*Picks up satchel and starts right.*)

AUNT K. Oh, for mercy's sake, don't take that. (*Takes satchel from JACK and puts it on the table where it is visible to the audience. JACK exits, right door.*)

PAUL (*crosses, right, and looks after JACK*). Poor little devil.

AUNT K. What in the world is James thinking of, to send that girl here!

PAUL. She seems to be a lovable kid.

RIDER (*goes center, at left of AUNT K.*). Not a bad looking girl if she had some decent togs.

PAUL (*looks quickly at RIDER*). The doctor will look out for her.

RIDER (*smiles*). Oh, sure; sure.

AUNT K. Well, I think it is absurd.

NEENA *enters, right door, as AUNT K. speaks.*

NEENA. What is absurd? Oh, how do you do, Mr. Rider. (*Crosses up center to RIDER.*)

RIDER. We were speaking of your father's new protege.

NEENA. Isn't it ridiculous!

JACK *enters, right door. She looks very forlorn.*

AUNT K. (*to JACK*). Well, couldn't you find the kitchen?

JACK. Oh, yes, thank you. It's a beautiful kitchen.

NEENA (*sarcastically*). Glad you like it. (*Laughs.*)

AUNT K. Why didn't you eat your dinner?

JACK. I couldn't eat anything. (*About to cry.*)

AUNT K. (*to NEENA*). Neena, Jane is busy. You take her to her room; the little west room.

NEENA (*laughs*). I've got a job. So nice to be useful. (*Crosses to center arch.*) Follow me, me lady! (*Exits, center and right. JACK crosses up stage after NEENA; looking over her shoulder, she smiles at PAUL as she exits, center and right.*)

AUNT K. The doctor has the queerest ideas.

DOCTOR *enters, center, from the left.*

DOCTOR. How are you, Rider.

RIDER. How are you, doctor.

DOCTOR (*coldly*). Pretty tired, Rider.

AUNT K. Have you had dinner?

DOCTOR. I don't want any. (*Crosses down left.*) Well, Paul—she's gone.

PAUL. Gone! (*Crosses to left.*)

DOCTOR. Yes, Mrs. Trevors died before we reached the hospital.

PAUL. Gee, that's too bad. (*Pause.*) And the poor kid is left alone.

DOCTOR. No, sir; not alone. She has me, hasn't she?

PAUL. She has, sir. (*Crosses up left.*)

DOCTOR. Kathie, I want to see you alone after I brush up. (*Crosses to door, left.*) Oh, don't tell the child to-night. (*Exits, left door.*)

NEENA *enters, center, from the right.*

NEENA (*laughing*). Well, you should have seen her. My, what a little dumbbell! An evening gown of mine was lying on my bed, and as we passed the room she saw it. She just stood transfixed and clasped her hands in ecstasy.

RIDER (*laughs*). Just like a woman.

NEENA. I don't believe she had ever seen an evening gown before, so I told her to put it on with my slippers and come down. She was delighted! I'll bet a box of chocolates she puts it on upside down. Aunt Kathie, send her to the music room when she comes (*crosses to right door*) and we'll have some fun with her. Come on, boys. (*Exit, right door, followed by RIDER and PAUL.*)

DOCTOR *enters, left door.*

DOCTOR. Well, Kathie, did my little protege surprise you?

AUNT K. (*crossing down to right of table*). James, have you lost your senses?

DOCTOR. No, Kathie, I've found them. Well, what do you think of her? (*Stands with hands thrust deep in trousers pockets.*)

AUNT K. What do I think of her! James, you're absurd. Surely you don't intend to keep her here. What do you know of her? Who is she?

DOCTOR. Do you remember Julia Raymond?

AUNT K. Julia Raymond? Yes. (*Sits at right end*

of settee.) The pretty, dark haired girl you were engaged to before you married Ellen. You quarreled, didn't you? You were awfully in love with her, Jim.

DOCTOR. It was she who died to-night.

AUNT K. James! And that child who has just left us is—?

DOCTOR. Yes. She stole our baby, Kathie, and went to Mexico, but came back two years ago, dying. And to-night has given my little girl back to me.

AUNT K. Oh, the wicked woman! But tell me—

DOCTOR. I can't talk any more to-night, Kathie. I want you to tell Neena—tell her that I am going to adopt the girl. I'm afraid it would hurt her too much to tell her the truth just now. (*Crosses to AUNT K. and puts his hands on her shoulders.*) Be good to my little girl, Kathie.

AUNT K. I will, James. (*Pats DOCTOR's hand.*) I will be good to her! (*Wipes her eyes, rises and exits, right door.*)

DOCTOR *lights a cigar and puffs slowly.* PAUL *enters, right door.*

PAUL. Ready for me, governor?

DOCTOR. Come in in about half an hour, Paul. (*Crosses and exits slowly, left door.*)

PAUL. Yes, sir. (*Stands right of table.*)

JACK *peeps in center arch from the right.*

JACK (*mysteriously*). Sst! Sst!

PAUL (*turns quickly and looks toward arch, surprised*). Hello. (*Crosses to center in front of table and couch.*)

(*JACK steals in mysteriously. Her hands are behind her back. She wears a handsome evening gown, but has her awkward big street shoes on. She crosses down left to PAUL and whispers in his ear.*)

PAUL (*laughs*). Need some help, eh? Can't get them on?

(JACK *shows high-heeled French evening slippers which she has had behind her back. She whispers again and turns her back to PAUL.*)

PAUL (*is embarrassed*). Oh! Yes, sure—certainly. (*He fastens her dress in the back, very awkwardly, becoming confused with the fasteners, etc.*) Now for the slippers. (*He lifts her and seats her on the table and pulls off her shoe, showing a hole in toe of stocking.*)

JACK. Oh! It pecked through, didn't it? (*She sits facing the audience.*)

PAUL (*laughs*). Looks like it. Never mind; we'll fix that. (*Puts the slipper on, as he kneels on the couch.*)

JACK. The other's quite good. (PAUL *takes off the other slipper.*) Mother gave it to me. It don't quite match, but mother couldn't use it because the mate to it was all in.

PAUL (*laughs; puts on the other slipper*). There you are. (*Crosses left up to table beside JACK.*)

JACK. Oh, thank you. (*Looks admiringly at slippers.*) And isn't this dress too beautiful! (*Smooths dress.*) I never—never—ever saw anything so just beautiful. Don't you love it?

PAUL (*leans toward her, looks lovingly into her face and says*). Yes, I do—just love it.

JACK (*impetuously*). If I were rich I'd have a new one for every single day. (*Considers.*) No; no, I wouldn't—because it would make me feel sad to think of all the poor children on the east side who never have any pretty things at all and who are often so hungry and cold. But oh, I do wish they could all have plenty to eat and lots of pretty clothes to wear. Don't you?

PAUL. I do, indeed, Jackie.

JACK (*smiles into his face*). Do you know, I like you better than anyone I ever knew excepting my mother—and the doctor—and Maggie—and Jimmie.

PAUL (*seriously*). And do you know, I like you better than anyone in the world—excepting my mother. (*Leans tenderly toward her.*)

NEENA *enters, right door, and stands amazed.*

NEENA. My! What a pretty picture! (*Laughs shrilly.*) So this is the reason we have no time for the music room. (*Quoting.*) “We have an engagement with father.” (*Turns to JACK, angrily.*) Go to your room and take off my dress, do you hear? How dare you!

(JACK, *frightened, remains seated on the table.*)

PAUL (*lifts her off table, left*). Go to your room, Jackie. (*Leads her to arch.*) It’s all right, Jackie; it’s all right.

JACK *exits quickly, center and right.*

NEENA (*walking back and forth angrily*). The miserable little east side pauper! The little beggar!

PAUL (*shocked*). Neena. (*Goes left of table.*)

NEENA (*kneeling on right end of settee*). Clothes do make a difference. They’ve turned the little mud hen into a bird of paradise—almost. (*Laughs, then says quickly:*) Do you think she’s pretty?

PAUL (*smiles*). I think she’s a very sweet child.

NEENA. Child! She’s sixteen; as old as I am.

PAUL. But you’re a child, Neena.

NEENA. But not a sweet child, eh? (*Sits on settee.*) She’s a simple little idiot. And just because she wore a pretty gown, you stood looking at her like a small boy at a pastry window.

PAUL (*laughing*). Neena!

NEENA (*rises*.) Oh, you did! Your eyes stuck out so, I could have knocked them off with a stick.

PAUL. Neena!

NEENA. Oh, don't "Neena" me. Yes, I am jealous—jealous! I love you—and you know I do. And you have led me on to think that you cared for me—you have, you have! And now I see you looking at this girl as if—as if—

PAUL. Neena, please! Why, I have never led you to believe that I cared for you more than as a friend. I am studying with your father, and—

NEENA. I won't have it! I won't! I won't! You did care for me, and now this—nobody—this—

PAUL. Hush, Neena. Don't be silly.

DOCTOR (*calls off left*). Paul!

PAUL. Yes, sir.

DOCTOR. I'm ready for you.

PAUL. Coming, sir. (*Crosses left*). Be sensible, Neena. (*Exits quickly, left door*).

NEENA *walks up and down excitedly*. AUNT KATHIE *enters, right door*. She carries a brooch in her hand, *unseen by the audience*.

AUNT K. Neena; Neena. Why, what in the world is the matter with you?

NEENA. Oh, that girl—that girl!

AUNT K. Listen, Neena. Your father is going to adopt—legally adopt her.

NEENA (*stops in astonishment*). What!

AUNT K. Sh!

NEENA (*quietly*). Adopt—that—that girl? Adopt her? And keep her here in the same house with me?

AUNT K. That's what the doctor says, so you must make the best of it.

NEENA. What is father thinking of, Aunt Kathie? But I won't have it. Do you hear, Aunt Kathie? I won't have it!

RIDER *enters, right door.*

RIDER. Well, by jove! I can't amuse myself any longer.

AUNT K. (*drops brooch as she crosses to right door*). Come in and talk to Neena, Mr. Rider. I must go and do some chores for the doctor. (*Exits, right door.*)

RIDER. Where is the charming little east-sider? I thought you said she was going to dress up for us.

NEENA. Oh, you were too slow as usual, Rider. You missed the parade.

RIDER (*in mock disappointment*). No! I know she would look ripping in one of those evening gowns of yours, Miss Neena.

NEENA. Oh, positively. (*Crosses left.*) And you're not the only one who thinks so. But fear not, old dear, we shall see a great deal of that person from now on.

RIDER. Indeed?

NEENA. Prepare for much joy. Father is going to adopt her.

RIDER (*astonished*). No!

NEENA. Yes.

RIDER. But what's the big idea? By jove! That will rather put your nose out of joint, Neena. A sister, eh?

NEENA. Yes, our little Cinderella! Oh, I could choke her!

RIDER (*laughs*). As bad as that?

NEENA. Yes, as bad as that!

RIDER. That is bad. Paul seems to admire the little thing. (*Sits on corner of table.*)

NEENA. Have you noticed it, too?

RIDER. It is very evident. Well, she's a pretty girl. (NEENA looks at him quickly.) I could love you, Neena. Of course, I know Paul has your heart. But this girl—

NEENA (*fiercely, leaning close to RIDER*). Take her away from here, Rider.

RIDER (*laughs*). Where do you get those clever ideas, Neena?

NEENA. I'm in earnest. I'll not have my life spoiled by that brat. It's only a whim of father's. If she were disgraced, that would be the end of it. You are so clever—help me!

RIDER. Thanks for the compliment. But what could I do?

NEENA. Oh, don't pretend! I know all about you—your reputation.

RIDER. Thanks again. And what do you know?

NEENA. That you are—clever. Live by your wits, cards and—and—I can pay you—lots.

RIDER. I'm afraid you've been in bad company, Neena.

NEENA. Oh, I'm not a ninny. I keep my eyes and ears open. Our set is no worse than any other. The girls nowadays aren't the goody-goody prunes and prisms of our grandmothers' day. We don't faint at the approach of a cockroach.

RIDER (*amused*). I rather think not.

NEENA (*stops, crosses and picks up the diamond brooch that AUNT KATHIE has dropped by right door*). Aunt Kathie's! (*Her eyes travel up center to where JACK's satchel is. RIDER gives her a look of suggestion. She acts frightened, then crosses quickly up stage right, opens JACK's satchel, drops brooch into it, closes satchel and crosses quickly down to right.*) I've begun.

You finish it. (*Exits quickly, right door. RIDER follows her out.*)

After short pause, JACK peeps through arch from right. She still wears the evening gown. She opens her satchel and takes out a nightgown. The brooch drops to the floor. She picks it up, surprised, looks around suspiciously, crosses, puts it on the center table, and crosses back to satchel.

DOCTOR (*speaks off left*). All right, my boy.

JACK quickly hides the nightgown behind her back. DOCTOR and PAUL enter, left door. When JACK sees them she backs guiltily out center arch, and exits to the right.

DOCTOR (*after seeing her go*). What was she doing?

PAUL (*laughs*). I don't know.

AUNT KATHIE enters, right door.

AUNT K. (*to NEENA, who follows her*). I am sure I wore it to-night. I have looked everywhere for it. I am positive.

NEENA enters, right door.

NEENA. It surely is strange.

RIDER enters, right door.

RIDER. Quite so.

DOCTOR. Why, what have you lost?

AUNT K. (*looking around the floor*). My diamond brooch.

PAUL (*exchanges a startled glance with DOCTOR*). Are you sure you have lost it?

AUNT K. I can't find it anywhere. I always wear it in the evening, and I know I had it on to-night.

NEENA. Yes, Aunt Kathie, I saw it.

RIDER. It must be about somewhere. There isn't anyone here who would take it.

NEENA. One should be careful whom one takes into the bosom of the family.

DOCTOR. Neena! (*To AUNT KATHIE.*) Call Jackie.

AUNT K. (*surprised*). James!

DOCTOR (*emphatically*). Call the child.

(*AUNT KATHIE exits, center arch, to the right.*)

DOCTOR (*to NEENA*). How dare you try to put such a slur upon the child?

NEENA. Well, if it's true, why try to hide it? Are you afraid, papa?

DOCTOR. No, miss. I am not afraid.

NEENA. This girl seems to have hypnotized you all. Why, she's only a little gutter snipe—a girl of the slums. What can one expect?

DOCTOR. Not much from her, perhaps, poor girl. But from you, Neena—I expected more.

NEENA. Well, if she is honest she can prove it, and no harm is done.

AUNT KATHIE *enters, center arch, from the right, followed by JACK.*

DOCTOR. Jackie, my sister has missed a diamond brooch.

NEENA. Wait! (*Crosses quickly up stage, gets JACK's satchel and opens it.*) Perhaps it is here. (*Reaches in, can't find it, crosses down right, pulling things out frantically.*)

JACK (*quietly, as she crosses down left*). No, it is not there—now. (*NEENA drops satchel.*) Someone put it in my satchel, but I found it there, and put it on the table.

PAUL (*who has been standing by the table, picks up brooch*). And here it is!

POSITIONS.

AUNT K. (*center*).

RIDER, NEENA (*right*). PAUL, JACK, DOCTOR (*left*).

CURTAIN.

LITTLE MISS JACK

THE THIRD ACT.

SCENE: *Same as ACT II. It is evening, four months later. The flowers have been removed from the center table, and in their place is a library lamp, lighted. A hassock or footstool is down center, in front of the settee.*

LIGHTS: *Up full throughout the Act.*

When the curtain rises, JACK is found seated forlornly on the hassock. She is wearing mourning. A skein of yarn is in her lap. She wipes her eyes. There is a pause, and then PAUL enters briskly through center arch, from the left. Seeing JACK, he crosses to her down left.

PAUL (*gayly*). Good afternoon, Jacqueline. Did you notice I called you Jacqueline? (JACK *smiles sadly and nods her head "yes."*) Come, come, (*sits on settee*) this will never do. Why, you'll spoil your eyes and just ruin your complexion and—and—do all sorts of damage. (*Seriously.*) My dear little friend (*takes her hand in his*), if the dead can see us—you know that your mother is happy to have you here among friends who love you. Come, now—smile. (JACK *smiles faintly.*) That's right. What have we here? (*Picks up skein of yarn from JACK's lap.*) Ah, you have promised Aunt Kathie that you'd wind this for her, eh? Well, come on, I'll help you. Let me see. I used to do this for my mother when I was a kid. (*Puts skein on JACK's hands*). There you are! Is that it? What is Miss Kathie going to make with this? (*Winds yarn*

into a ball.) A—what-you-may-call-it—a hug-me-tight, eh?

JACK (*smiles and nods her head "yes"*). My mother made me a little red one, but I lost it. (*Sits on couch at PAUL's right.*)

PAUL. My mother made me a scarf when I was a kid—and mittens. I was always wearing one new mitten, for as fast as she'd make one to replace the one I'd lost, I'd lose the other one. (*Laughs.*) Are you coming to see my mother some day, Jack?

JACK. I'd love to.

PAUL. And she'd love to have you. She would love you, Jackie.

JACK. And I know I'd love her.

PAUL. Jackie—do you think you could love the son? (*Smiles.*) For his mother's sake?

JACK. You? (*PAUL nods his head "yes."*) Why, I do love you.

PAUL (*surprised*). You do? (*JACK nods her head "yes."*) And I love you, my Jacqueline. (*Kisses her hands.*) Ah, I can see a little white cottage—I love a white cottage, don't you, Jack? (*JACK smiles and nods her head "yes."*) With climbing roses—pink roses.

JACK (*enthusiastically*). And honeysuckle vines.

PAUL. And morning-glory vines.

JACK. And—and—sunflowers!

PAUL. And golden glow!

JACK. And lettuce and cabbage!

PAUL (*laughs heartily*). And bread and cheese and kisses—Oh, Jack, Jack! (*Embraces her.*)

NEENA, *wearing a long cloak over a handsome afternoon gown, enters through center arch, from the left.*

She is followed by RIDER, who sees PAUL and JACK, smiles and glances at NEENA.

RIDER. Are we interrupting?

PAUL (*rising*). Not at all. Jack and I are working for Aunt Kathie.

NEENA (*sarcastically*). Aunt Kathie will be pleased, I am sure. (*Throws her cloak on chair at right, and tosses her hat on her cloak.*)

PAUL (*ignores NEENA*). There, Jackie. (*Gives yarn to JACK*). We'll finish this later.

(RIDER *crosses down right.*)

JACK. Thank you. (*Crosses to right.*)

PAUL (*to NEENA*). Did you enjoy your walk? (*Crosses up left.*)

(RIDER *shakes hands with JACK.*)

NEENA (*coolly*). Very much, thank you.

(JACK *exits quickly, right door.*)

RIDER (*to PAUL*). I met Miss Carlyle at the park gate, and she tempted me to walk home with her.

PAUL. Wonderful evening for a walk. Well, see you again. (*Exits left door.*)

RIDER (*stands smiling, with his hands in his pockets*). They are getting on, aren't they?

NEENA (*shrugs her shoulders, crosses down left to settee, and sits*). Rather cutting you out, isn't he? She must be awfully interesting. Men seem to like those stupid girls. (*Takes off gloves.*) I presume it's because they make the men feel so clever in contrast. You're too slow, Rider.

RIDER. You've told me that before.

NEENA. If you like her so much, why don't you get busy and win her?

RIDER. I intend to.

NEENA. You're taking your time.

RIDER. I'm in no hurry. (*Sits on settee, at NEENA's right*). Now see here, Neena. Why should we two beat about the bush? I do like the girl. She has been an obsession with me for the past four months. I can't get her out of my mind. I'd risk my neck to get her.

NEENA. You won't have to risk anything so precious, I fancy.

RIDER. Neena, you love Paul Sanborn.

NEENA (*icily*). Yes, Mr. Hawkshaw.

RIDER. He was fond of you before this girl came. Two heads are better than one.

NEENA. Even if one is a cabbage head.

RIDER. Let us help each other. If she were out of the way—

NEENA. Yes?

RIDER. If it could be made to appear that she had eloped with me, for instance. I could marry her and manage a trip abroad. In a few years it would all be forgotten. I could stay away that long.

NEENA. You know you can depend upon me to do all I can. But we must be careful. If father ever suspected that I—

DOCTOR *opens the left door.*

RIDER (*rising*). How do you do, doctor. Are you busy?

DOCTOR. No; come in, Rider, come in.

(RIDER *crosses left, above the table, and exits left door.*)

DOCTOR (*closes left door and approaches center*). Neena, I don't like that fellow, and I don't want you to run around with him. Is he making love to you?

NEENA. Not particularly. Not any more than any other fellow.

DOCTOR. Well, cut it out.

NEENA (*with a tantalizing laugh*). Better keep your eyes peeled, daddy. He doesn't come here to see me. I'm not the attraction.

DOCTOR. Who is he coming to see, then?

NEENA. Well—not Aunt Kathie.

DOCTOR. I know it isn't Jack. Her little head is too level. Her bright eyes would see through that chap in a jiffy.

NEENA. Oh, I'm the only wobbly head in this family.

DOCTOR. I'm warning you for your own good. (*Exits left door.*)

JACK *enters right door.*

NEENA (*turns and sees JACK*). Jack, come here, dear. (*Sits on settee.*) Are you feeling badly? (*Her tone is very sweet.*)

JACK (*crosses to settee.*) Yes, a little bit.

NEENA (*takes JACK's hands*). I'm so sorry, dear. I know what it is to suffer. I, too, am terribly unhappy, Jackie.

JACK (*sits beside NEENA*). Unhappy? You?

NEENA (*sighing*). Yes.

JACK. Why should you be unhappy, Neena? You have everything to make you happy.

NEENA. I have lost everything, Jackie. And you are the cause.

JACK (*hurt*). I?

NEENA. Yes. You have taken my father's love from me. And you are stealing my sweetheart. Before you came, Paul and I were going to be married—but you are separating us and breaking my heart. (*Wipes away crocodile tears.*)

JACK (*rising*). I'll go away. I never thought. I'll go.

NEENA (*catching her hand*). No, no, Jackie. You mustn't go.

JACK. Oh, I couldn't stay now. I didn't know.

NEENA. Jackie, do you want to make more trouble for me? Listen. You must never breathe a word of what I tell you to a living soul unless you want to get me into terrible trouble with my father. You see, Jackie, father has a mania for helping poor people. It is his hobby. I know you aren't to blame. But don't let Paul make love to you. Try to avoid him. Tell him you love someone else. (*Pulls JACK to the seat beside her.*) And maybe some day you will marry, and have a beautiful home of your own. Perhaps you will live abroad. Wouldn't you just love to travel? I want you to be happy, Jackie. But please don't tell any one what I have told you. Promise me, Jackie.

JACK. Oh, I wish I knew what to do. I wish I knew where to go.

NEENA. Listen, Jackie. I know some one who loves you dearly. A handsome fellow, too.

JACK (*rises*). I don't want any handsome fellow to love me.

NEENA (*catching her hand*). Please be sensible, Jack. You would be very sorry if you married Paul and found out that he really loved someone else. Now, wouldn't you? The dear fellow is so changeable.

JACK (*hysterically*). Oh, I want to go away.

NEENA. Sh, Jackie! Please! Something will turn up for you, dear. Now don't worry.

DOCTOR (*off stage, as the left door opens*). All right, Rider; another time.

RIDER *enters left door and leaves it open.*

NEENA (*rises and crosses left to RIDER*). Is father alone?

RIDER. Yes.

NEENA (*looking meaningly at RIDER as she passes him*). I want to see him. (*Exits left door, closing it after her.*)

(*JACK rises and starts to cross to right door.*)

RIDER (*crossing down left to center*). I say, Miss Jack; won't you stay and talk to me?

JACK. Please excuse me, Mr. Rider.

RIDER (*crossing to her*). Oh, come now. That isn't very gracious. (*Pulls her to a seat beside him on settee.*) How long have you been here, Jack?

JACK. Four months, sir.

RIDER. You are not happy here.

JACK. Oh, yes I am.

RIDER (*feigning sympathy*). No you are not, Jack. You are lonely and unhappy. I love you, Jack.

JACK (*rises quickly*). Oh, no!

RIDER (*pulling her back to seat*). Yes. Marry me, Jack. Don't stay here where you are unwelcome—where they keep you for charity's sake. I will give you a fine home—pretty dresses.

JACK (*in surprise*). You love me?

RIDER. Yes, dear. You are too proud to stay where you are not wanted, Jackie. And remember, the world is a big place for a girl alone.

JACK. Oh, yes, it is lonely—so lonely.

RIDER. Marry me to-night, Jack. To-morrow a vessel sails for abroad. Let us go. I'll show you all the wonders of a new world. Will you go?

JACK (*rises and crosses left*). I'll ask the doctor.

RIDER (*rises quickly and catches her hand*). No, no! Give me my answer now, Jack. Will you marry me?

JACK. I can't answer you now. I don't know. I must think it over.

RIDER. Then think it over, and give me my answer to-night before I go. Will you?

JACK. Yes.

RIDER. Remember, you are living here on charity. Be independent. Better give me my answer now.

JACK. No, not now. (*Crosses right, then turns to him.*) But—I think I will go with you. (*RIDER tries to embrace her.*) Oh, don't. (*Exits quickly, right door.*)

DOCTOR *enters left door in time to see JACK run off.*

DOCTOR. Let that little girl alone, Rider.

RIDER. Hello, doctor.

DOCTOR. See here, Rider. That little girl is very precious to me, and the fellow who gets her must be a man she can be proud of. Understand?

RIDER (*smiles*). I think I do, doctor. And I'd like to remind you that this is a free country, and when I find the girl I want, I'm going to take her without any other preliminary. Understand?

DOCTOR. I get you. And I hope you haven't yet found the girl you want. I'm not looking for trouble, Rider. I don't like it, and I always avoid it—when I can.

RIDER. Same here, doctor. (*Smiles.*)

NEENA *enters left door.*

DOCTOR. Neena, send Jacqueline to me.

NEENA. Yes, father. (*Crosses right.*) Come along, Mr. Rider, and I'll play that new piece for you.

RIDER. Charmed, I'm sure.

(*NEENA exits right door, followed by RIDER. DOCTOR walks slowly up and down stage left, his hands behind his back.*)

JACK enters right door, after a pause.

DOCTOR. Well, Jack? Why, what's the matter with my little girl? (*Crosses to center in front of settee.*) Come here to me. Has any one been annoying you? Now tell me, what is the trouble?

JACK (*crosses to him and hides her face on his breast*). I'm lonely.

DOCTOR. Lonely, eh? Neena isn't very sociable, is she, trying to freeze my little girl out. Well, we shall soon remedy all that. Now, stand there. Hold up your chin. There. Now, little soldier, I'm going to tell you something that will shock you, but I hope it will make you very happy. Jack, do you want a father—a real father?

JACK. Oh, yes! If I only had a real father!

DOCTOR. How would you like to have me for a father?

JACK (*smiles*). You are very kind—and I love you—but you wouldn't be my real father.

DOCTOR. I wouldn't, eh? (*Quietly.*) Sit there, Jack. (*Fixes hassock with his foot. JACK sits on hassock, with her back turned slightly toward the audience. He sits on settee facing her.*) Jack, I am—your real father. I wouldn't rob you of one sweet memory, child. But—I want my little girl. The dear woman you called “mother” would wish it so. Your real mother—my wife—died when you were a baby. Mrs. Trevors raised you—until four months ago, when she gave you back to me.

JACK (*dazed*). My mother—was not—my mother?

DOCTOR. She was all a mother should or could be, dear. She loved you. But now your father wants you. Jack, will you take me into your heart? My little daughter!

JACK. Oh, father, I do want you (*rises*). I do need you. I am so lonely. (*She creeps into his arms, and they embrace.*)

NEENA *enters right door, looks surprised, crosses quickly up behind screen at right, and listens.*

DOCTOR (*holding JACK close*). My little girl; my little daughter!

JACK. Then Neena is my sister.

DOCTOR. Neena is not my real daughter, dear. But I hope you will love each other as sisters. Neena was a foundling. She has filled your place incompletely for all these years. Now, little daughter—shall we tell Neena?

(*NEENA appears from behind screen for a moment.*)

JACK. Oh, no, no; it would break her heart. We must never let her know.

DOCTOR. My generous Jack! Then we will keep the secret. I have already told two others, but I'm sure they will help us keep the secret safe.

JACK. Two others?

DOCTOR. Yes, Aunt Kathie and Paul.

AUNT KATHIE *enters right door.*

DOCTOR (*to AUNT K.*). I have told her.

AUNT K. (*holding out her arms to JACK*). Our own little girl!

JACK (*runs and embraces her*). But tell me more.

DOCTOR. Another time, my dear. You shall know the entire story.

PAUL *enters left door.*

PAUL. May I come now?

DOCTOR. Yes, my boy; come here. Paul has some-

thing to tell you, Jack. (*Crosses to left door.*) Come, Kathie!

(*DOCTOR and AUNT K. exeunt left door.*)

PAUL (*crosses down center to JACK*). Congratulations, Miss Carlyle!

(*NEENA again appears from behind the screen for a moment.*)

JACK. Isn't it wonderful! (*Gives her hand to PAUL.*) Why, it seems just like a story.

PAUL. Your father said I might speak to you, dear. He says I can't take you away from him for a long, long time. But I want to be sure of you now. Jack—I love you.

JACK. No, no! Don't say it! (*Backs away from him, frightened.*)

PAUL (*in surprise*). Why, Jack!

JACK. Oh, go away. Please go away!

PAUL (*hurt*). Don't you love me?

JACK (*desperately*). Oh, no—no!

(*NEENA comes quietly from behind the screen and exits unnoticed, through center arch and to the right.*)

PAUL. Why, Jack, what have I done?

JACK. Nothing; nothing. Only please don't ever say you love me.

PAUL. Why, I thought—you loved me.

JACK (*covers her eyes*). Oh, no; no!

PAUL (*quietly*). Forgive me. I won't trouble you again. I never dreamed I was so obnoxious to you. I'll not trouble you again. (*Exits quickly through center arch and to the left.*)

JACK *falls on the chair at right, sobbing softly.*
MAGGIE *sneaks through center arch, from the left;*

she is dressed extravagantly, and appears to be frightened by her surroundings. She is followed by JIMMIE, who is likewise awe-struck.

MAGGIE (to JIMMIE). Don't push!

JIMMIE. Ring de bell!

MAGGIE. Dere ain't none!

JACK (at the sound of MAGGIE's voice, has risen; she runs to meet MAGGIE; they embrace). Mag! Mag!

MAGGIE. Jackie! (Embrace.) Gee whiz! Oh, gee, but ye look pretty! You're in mourning for your poor maw, ain't ye? Gee! (Chews gum fiercely.) Dis is a swell joint, ain't it. Are ye goin' to live here always? Say, ain't dat doctor all to de berries? He's some swell old guy, I'll tell de world. Are ye happy, Jackie?

JIMMIE (coming down center). Is dere anyting I kin do for ye?

JACK. Hello, Jimmie; how are you? (Crosses to JIMMIE; they shake hands.)

(MAGGIE crosses down right and sits on settee.)

JIMMIE. Fine! How's yourself?

MAGGIE. We was to a picture show on Sixt' Avenue, an' it was so pretty out I says to Jimmie, "Let's jump onto de Sixt' Avenue car an' ride up an' see Jackie."

JACK (crosses down left and sits beside MAGGIE on settee). Oh, I'm so glad.

MAGGIE. When de doctor was on de east side visitin' Mrs. Smit', I sees him an' I says, "How's Jackie?" an' he says, "Come up an' see her." Gee, he's a swell old bean!

JIMMIE (down left). Gee, I'll bet ye git swell t'ings to eat here.

JACK. Are you working now, Jimmie?

JIMMIE. No, I woiked steady for two weeks an' I felt me healt' failin' me, so I t'ought I'd better quit an' take a little vacation. But I saved six bucks.

MAGGIE. Yep. An' when he saves ten more, we're goin' to git married.

JIMMIE. Yep. Den I won't have to woik.

MAGGIE. Say, me an' Jimmie went out to de graveyard where your poor maw's buried, an' I put a gee-ranium on de grave. Dem flowers you put dere looks great, don't dey?

JACK. The doctor took me there last Sunday, too.

MAGGIE. Gee, he's a swell guy!

JIMMIE (*who has been peeking through left door*). Gee, dere's a swell skirt!

MAGGIE (*turns and sees JIMMIE peeping*). Say! Back up. You cut dat out, see?

DOCTOR *enters left door, and JIMMIE jumps back.*

DOCTOR. Hello; hello. (*Shakes hands with JIMMIE and MAGGIE.*)

AUNT KATHIE *enters left door.*

DOCTOR. You found the place, eh? Good.

JIMMIE. How are ye?

AUNT K. How do you do, Maggie. How do you do, Jimmie. You see I know you.

JIMMIE. Same to you. Is dere anyt'ing I kin do for ye?

AUNT K. (*gravely, as she crosses back of table to right door*). No, thank you. Make yourselves at home.

JIMMIE. Sure t'ing.

AUNT K. Anything more, James?

DOCTOR. That's all.

(AUNT K. *exits right door.*)

DOCTOR (*smiles*). See you again, Jimmie. (*Exits left door.*)

JIMMIE (*looking after AUNT K.*). Gee, she's a swell dame!

JACK. Jimmie, I'm going to take Maggie upstairs to show her my room. Will you wait here until we come back?

JIMMIE. Surest t'ing ye know.

JACK. Come on, Maggie.

(*Crosses up stage with MAGGIE. Laughing and talking, the two girls exeunt through center arch and to the right. JIMMIE looks around curiously, then crosses and peeps through key hole of left door.*)

RIDER *enters right door, sees JIMMIE and looks surprised.*

RIDER (*loudly*). Hello!

JIMMIE (*jumps around frightened*). Surest t'ing ye know! How are ye? Anyt'ing I kin do for ye?

RIDER (*slowly*). What were you doing at that door?

JIMMIE. Looking at de scenery, bo.

RIDER. Little inclined to be fresh, eh? What do you do?

JIMMIE. Anybody—dat gives me de chance.

RIDER. You're from the bowery.

JIMMIE. You betcha.

RIDER (*crossing to center*). What brought you here?

JIMMIE. Me little flivver. What d' ye t'ink? I came to see me friend de doc, and little Miss 'Jack.

RIDER. A friend, eh?

JIMMIE. Dat's me number. (*Crosses center to RIDER.*)

RIDER (*looking him over keenly*). How would you like to make fifty dollars?

JIMMIE (*with energy*). Say, now y're shoutin'! Fifty bucks? I must be dreamin'. Say, mister, say dat again. And say it slow; I got a weak heart.

RIDER. Fifty dollars; that's what I said. (*Looks around and lowers his voice.*) I'm willing to pay fifty dollars for a little bit of work—to the fellow who can keep his mouth shut. Do you understand?

JIMMIE (*lowering his tone*). I gotcha, bo.

RIDER. The work is not—quite regular.

JIMMIE. Say, bo; fifty for a "little job"—ain't quite regular. Did ye get it?

RIDER. Yes, I got it. Well, where can I find you at about nine to-night?

JIMMIE. Wherever you say, bo.

RIDER. Very well. At the corner of Sixth Avenue and Thirty-Ninth Street. I will then explain what I want done.

MAGGIE and JACK are heard laughing and talking, off stage, right of center arch. RIDER crosses quickly to the right. MAGGIE and JACK enter through center arch, from the right.

MAGGIE (*as she enters*). Say, Jackie, it's simply great. I wish some rich old guy would adopt me.

JIMMIE (*to RIDER*). Me, too; eh, bo?

MAGGIE. Ye know—(*sees RIDER*). Oh; excuse me.

JIMMIE. Mag, dis is me friend, Mr. —

RIDER (*quickly*). How do you do. Charmed, I'm sure.

MAGGIE (*imitating him*). Same to you and many of dem. Come on, Jimmie. It's almost eight o'clock. We gotta git home. Good-bye, Jackie. Say, if ye kin git me a job here, I'd work faithful.

JACK. I'll speak to the doctor, Maggie.

MAGGIE (*trying to be polite to RIDER*). I bid ye good evenin', mister.

RIDER (*snaps*). Good night!

MAGGIE. Good night! (*Exits through center arch and left.*)

JIMMIE (*to RIDER*). Good night, bo. Don't forget if dere's anyt'ing I kin do for ye. (*Winks and exits after MAGGIE.*)

JACK (*exits with her friends, and speaks outside*). Good night, Maggie. Good night, Jimmie. Don't forget.

MAGGIE (*outside*). I won't.

JIMMIE (*outside*). Surest t'ing ye know. Good night.

RIDER *crosses to center, and looks off left*. JACK *enters through center arch, from the left*

RIDER. Well, Jackie. (*Starts to put his arm over her shoulder. She evades him and crosses down left, to in front of settee. He crosses down right in front of settee.*) I have arranged everything. We will leave here to-night.

JACK (*astonished*). To-night? Leave here to-night?

RIDER. Yes, dear little girl. (*Starts to take her hand.*)

JACK (*going in front of him she crosses to the right, and turns*). Mr. Rider—

RIDER. Yes, Jack? (*Crosses to her.*)

JACK. I have thought it all over—and—

RIDER. Yes?

JACK. I will n o t go with you, Mr. Rider. Good night. (*Exits right door.*)

RIDER *stands nonplussed*. After a pause, NEENA *enters right door*.

NEENA. Well?

RIDER (*deliberately*). There will be a phone message for Miss Jack in the course of half an hour. You will see that she gets it. She will hurry from the house. I'll be waiting to put her in a taxi. The Britannia sails tomorrow.

NEENA. I hope I shall never see her again.

RIDER. You never will. (*Takes her hand.*) Good-bye.

NEENA. Good-bye.

(RIDER *exits quickly, through center arch and to the left.*)

DOCTOR *opens left door.*

DOCTOR (*at door*). Hello. Where's everybody?

NEENA. I don't know. Isn't Paul with you?

DOCTOR. No.

NEENA. What's the matter with Mr. Rider, father?

DOCTOR (*coming in*). Matter? What do you see the matter?

NEENA. Why, he has acted so queerly all evening. So uneasy and restless; said something about eloping.

DOCTOR. Bosh. He was joking. (*Going left.*) Well, I'm going to have my smoke and turn in early. (*Turns.*) Oh—tell Jackie to look in before she goes to bed.

NEENA. Yes, father.

DOCTOR *exits left door. As soon as the door is closed, AUNT KATHIE enters right door.*

AUNT K. Well, where are your admirers?

NEENA (*sarcastically*). My admirers! (*Crosses to settee and sits.*) Hmph! I haven't any since Jackie's come here.

AUNT K. Nonsense. Well, I'm going to my room. I'm tired.

NEENA. What time is it?

AUNT K. (*crosses to center*). Must be nearly nine. Good night. (*Exits through center arch and to the right.*)

JACK, carrying a small Bible, enters right door.

NEENA. Hello, Jack; come here. (JACK *crosses and sits beside* NEENA). I want to thank you for being so kind and sweet to me.

JACK. Oh, Neena, I'm so glad. I want you to be my—sister. I should so love to have a sister.

NEENA. You are ambitious. You have found a home; a father. And now you want a sister. (*Laughs.*) Your heart is large. I wish I were so generous. But I love few people, and I'm very jealous of those few. What book is that?

JACK (*in surprise*). This?

NEENA. Oh; a Bible. You are religious. Do you read it often?

JACK. Oh, yes. And when I'm unhappy and lonely, it is a great comfort. My—my mother gave it to me and said I must always let it be my friend—my guide—in trouble.

NEENA. You are unhappy?

JACK. I am a little bit troubled tonight.

(*Phone rings.*)

NEENA. Excuse me. (*Runs quickly to phone.*) Hello, hello. * * * Yes. * * * Yes. (*Very nervous.*) Jack, it—it's for you.

JACK (*rises, surprised*). For me? (*Crosses to phone.*) Hello? * * * What? * * * Oh, Jimmie, is it you? * * * (*In terror.*) What? * * * Maggie?

Is she hurt badly? * * * Dying! * * * Oh! Yes, yes; I'll come at once. (*Hangs up receiver.*)

NEENA (*crosses up right to JACK*). What is it?

JACK (*dazed*). It was Jimmie. Maggie is hurt—dying. She wants me. I must go to her. I must tell the doctor. (*Starts left.*)

NEENA (*alarmed*). No, no; you mustn't disturb him now. I'll tell him when you're gone. Poor Maggie! (*Urgently.*) Here; take my hat and cloak—and my purse! (*Throws cloak over JACK and gives her a purse.*) You'll find a taxi on the corner. Father will call for you. (*Suddenly.*) Here, you had better write a line to him.

JACK (*confused*). Write? What?

NEENA (*puts pencil in JACK's hand*). Just say, "Forgive me for going," signed "Jackie." (*JACK writes, while NEENA watches with ill-concealed satisfaction. When JACK has finished, NEENA grasps the note.*) There; that will do. Hurry! I'll explain to father. Taxi's on the corner. (*Puts note on table by phone, then hastens out with NEENA, through center arch and to the left.*)

After a pause, DOCTOR enters left door. He is wearing his glasses, and has an open newspaper in his hand.

DOCTOR (*calls*). Kathie! Neena! Neena!

NEENA *enters center arch, from the left.*

NEENA. Oh, father.

DOCTOR. Did the phone ring?

NEENA. Yes; for me.

DOCTOR. Has Jackie gone to bed?

NEENA. No. She's gone out.

DOCTOR (*puzzled*). What? Gone out? Why, it's after nine o'clock.

NEENA. I heard the door bang a little while ago. I went out to see who it was. Jackie was running down the steps. I called to her, and she called back, "Good-bye." I saw her jump into a taxi.

DOCTOR (*distressed*). Impossible.

NEENA. I was just coming to tell you, father. (*Picks up note on table by phone.*) Look. (*Reads.*) "Forgive me for going. Jackie."

DOCTOR (*snatches note*). Get me my hat—quick. (*NEENA exits quickly, left door, and brings back his hat.*) Which way did she go?

NEENA. Toward Broadway.

DOCTOR (*tensely*). Neena, there's something wrong here. But if any harm comes to my little girl, and you've had a hand in it—pack your trunk now! (*Exits quickly, through center arch and to the left.*)

NEENA (*grimly*). The "foundling," am I? (*Crosses to settee and sits hunched up with hands around her knees.*) Well, she'll never come back. She will never come back!

CURTAIN.

LITTLE MISS JACK

THE FOURTH ACT.

SCENE: *A miserable room in an east side tenement; that night. (This set can be made with a kitchen interior, or by using the wrong side of a fancy or plain chamber set.) There is only one door, which is in the center of the rear wall. This opening is on a slightly higher level than the floor of the room, entrance being made down a short flight of rickety steps. Through the doorway a rough wall backing is visible. (The steps and elevation of doorway may be omitted if necessary.)*

In the center of the stage is a barrel which serves as a table, with an empty box on either side. On the table are a pitcher of water and a glass. At the right is an old mattress. Except for these makeshifts, the room is devoid of furniture. Behind the mattress and unseen by the audience until it moves is a property rat, which can be made easily of dark cloth. Attached to it is a strong fish cord which is stretched across the stage and off left, and is pulled at the cue to make rat run across stage. (Performers should be careful not to trip on the string before the rat is worked.)

LIGHTS: *Half down at rise, gradually increasing to up full. The increase should not be rapid enough to be noticed.*

When the curtain rises, MAGGIE, disguised as a hag, stands by the barrel, holding a lighted lamp that has a smoked and cracked chimney. She is listening intently. The door is open.

JIMMIE (off stage, back right). *Sure t'ing! Yep. Look out, bo.*

MAGGIE shakes her head, puts the lamp on the barrel and sits on the box at the left of the barrel. JIMMIE enters from back right, followed by RIDER, who is carrying JACK. She is unconscious. He lays her on the mattress and turns curtly to MAGGIE.

RIDER (loudly). Get some water. She has fainted. (MAGGIE hesitates, as though she is not sure that she heard correctly; then she pours a glass of water from pitcher on barrel, hands it to RIDER, kneels on mattress beside JACK and rubs her hand. RIDER wets his fingers and sprinkles JACK's face; then crosses up right to JIMMIE.) Are you sure no one saw us come in here?

JIMMIE. Not a livin' soul, bo.

(JACK slowly comes to, and sits up.)

RIDER. She's coming to. (MAGGIE crosses and sits left of barrel.) Step outside (to JIMMIE).

JIMMIE. Sure.

RIDER (to MAGGIE). You too. (MAGGIE makes no move.)

JIMMIE. She can't hear ye, bo. She's as deaf as a post. (Shouts.) Hey! Mudder! (MAGGIE makes no move.)

RIDER. Never mind; let her stay. (Crosses to barrel.)

JIMMIE. Sure. She's all right. Oh, say, bo; I'd like dat fifty now, if ye kin find de time to count it.

RIDER (shortly). Not now. (Puts glass on barrel.)

(JACK slowly sinks down on the mattress.)

JIMMIE. But ye see, bo—

RIDER. I said, not now!

JIMMIE. Sure. I heard ye de first time. But I seem to want it now—and I want it bad. See?

RIDER (looks at JIMMIE keenly). How do I know you'll stand by me if I give you the money now?

JIMMIE. Gee, bo, ain't ye got me woid?

RIDER (*disgusted*). Bah!

JIMMIE. Den ag'in, bo, how do you know I'll stand by you, if I don't git de money now?

RIDER (*takes bills out of his pocket*). Here's half. (*Gives JIMMIE money.*) I'll give you the rest before we leave to-morrow.

JIMMIE (*counts money*). Kee-rect. Get in dere, ye jolly old bunch (*puts money in his pocket*). When'll I come back, bo? (*Crosses to door.*)

RIDER. Just keep watch outside. Don't let anyone see you. And let me know if you see anyone hanging around who looks suspicious.

JIMMIE. Right you are, bo. (*Exits center door and right.*)

JACK (*slowly raises herself*). Mother; mother! (*Sees RIDER, and is frightened.*) Oh!

RIDER (*crossing to JACK*). There, there; did I frighten you?

JACK. Maggie, Maggie; where's Maggie? (*Tries to rise.*)

RIDER. Maggie's all right. Now sit still and be sensible. (*He sits on old box beside mattress.*)

JACK. Why am I here in this place?

RIDER. Why, don't you know, Jackie? We're running away. We're hiding from the people who would separate us. We're going to be married to-night, and to-morrow we sail for foreign lands, where no one will find us and where we can be happy together. Eh, dear little lady?

JACK (*frightened, rises quickly*). Oh!

RIDER (*rises, catches her by the arm*). Be quiet. Now, if you are sensible, I'll manage this little affair and there will be no trouble. I'm going to take you

away with me. There's no use making a fuss about it. I'm going to take you, so be a sensible girl. I don't want to use force, but I will if you compel me to. (*Trying to put his arm around her.*) I want to be kind to you, Jackie. Will you marry me willingly?

JACK (*backing away from him*). No, no. I'll never marry you; never! You're a wicked man and I'm afraid of you.

RIDER (*laughs*). Then we must become better acquainted. (*Tries to kiss her. She screams. He covers her mouth with his hand.*) Shut up! (*Takes her in his arms.*) I'm going to kiss you!

(*MAGGIE has been watching RIDER closely. His back is now toward her. She leans over the barrel and blows out the lamp. Lights all out; pause. Then RIDER strikes a match. He is standing at the right of the barrel. Lights half up.*)

RIDER. Who did that? Who blew out that light? (*Lights the lamp. Lights up three-quarters. RIDER says to MAGGIE.*) Why did you do that? (*MAGGIE shakes her head, meaning that she knows nothing about it.*) You did! (*Loudly.*)

(*Lights slowly increase to up full.*)

JACK. Oh, please, Mr. Rider, please let me go. I won't tell anyone—that you have done this.

RIDER. It's too late. Why, do you know what will be said about you now? It's nearly midnight. The doctor thinks you have run away with me.

JACK (*in agony*). No, no!

RIDER. You are disgraced; disgraced forever. The doctor will never take you back. I am your only friend.

JACK. I'll go to Jim and Maggie. They are my friends.

RIDER (*sneering*). Why, Jim and Maggie helped me bring you here. They sold you to me for fifty dollars.

JACK. I don't believe it. (*Crosses quickly and kneels beside MAGGIE.*) Help me; please help me. (*MAGGIE pays no attention.*)

RIDER (*laughs*). She can't hear you. She's deaf. Come, come. Be a sensible little girl. (*Starts toward her in front of barrel.*)

JACK (*backing around barrel*). I'll never go with you; never! I'll stay here and starve first. (*Has moved round to right of barrel.*)

RIDER (*has crossed left*). Well, you won't find starvation so pleasant, I assure you. However, I'll let you try it. I fancy by this time to-morrow night you'll be hungry enough to marry me willingly. Then when we are on board the boat out on the ocean blue, we'll have a nice little supper in our stateroom. How does that appeal to you, my little wife? (*Takes a step toward her.*)

JACK. Don't come near me! (*Moves around front of barrel.*)

RIDER (*follows her around, laughing*). I'm going to kiss you.

JACK (*gets back of barrel*). Keep away! (*Raises lighted lamp.*)

(*MAGGIE rises quickly and crosses back of JACK.*)

RIDER (*stands right of barrel with his back half turned to audience*). Put that down, you little idiot!

JACK. No! I'll throw it at you if you come near me.

(MAGGIE reaches around from back and holds JACK's hands.)

RIDER (*crosses quickly, takes lamp out of her hands and puts it on barrel*). I can see it will be my painful duty to teach you obedience.

JACK screams and runs to doorway, as JIMMIE enters from back right.

JIMMIE. Hello.

JACK. Oh, Jimmie! Jimmie! (*Runs and clings to him.*) Take me to Maggie.

JIMMIE. Ah— (*throws her from him, left.*) Cut it out, kid. You don't know what's good for ye.

JACK (*looks at him in despair*). Jimmie!

JIMMIE. Why, t'ink of de puddin' yer fallin' into, kid. (*RIDER crosses to right.*) Here's a guy with oodles of dough, a-willin' and beggin' to spend it on ye. Gee, ain't a skirt de most ungratefulest t'ing!

JACK. Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?

RIDER (*crosses up center*). I'm going now. (*Takes powder out of his vest pocket; to JIMMIE*). Here; take this powder. Tell the hag to give it to her in a little water. She's hysterical. It will quiet her and make her sleep. (*JACK backs around barrel to mattress and sinks down on mattress.*) I'll be back in an hour. Are you sure it's safe here? How about the hag? She blew out the light a while ago. She isn't quite right here (*indicating head*), is she?

JIMMIE. Nix. She's got rats in her garret. But she won't let de girl slip. But I'll hang around for a while yet. Den I'll be over as soon as it gits dark to-morrow night.

(*Big rat runs across stage from right to left.*)

JIMMIE. Gee, dat's a big feller!

RIDER (*jumps*). What's that?

JIMMIE. A rat.

RIDER (*startled*). What?

JIMMIE. Sure. Dis place is full of 'em; big as cats. Dey won't hurt ye 'less dey get awful hungry.

RIDER (*about to go out*). I'll be back in an hour. (*Hesitates*). You had better go and have a look around first.

JIMMIE. Sure. (*Exits quickly, center door and right.*)

RIDER (*pulls hat over his eyes and buttons coat*). Well, Jackie, if you'd go with me willingly, I shouldn't have to hide you here. (*Lights cigar.*) I'm doing a desperate thing to get you, Jack. You know it would be a serious affair to me if they should catch us now. But I don't think there is anyone interested enough in you to trouble a great deal about you, except the doctor. And he won't care to bring you back when he knows you want to elope with me.

JACK. Oh! (*Sobs.*)

RIDER. Better think it over, Jackie. I'll be back soon, and I hope you will see the folly of being stubborn with me.

JIMMIE *enters from back right.*

JIMMIE. All right, bo.

RIDER. I'll soon be back. (*Exits, center door and right.*)

JACK (*rises*). Oh, Jimmie, please let me go. I'll work and give you all my money, I'll—

JIMMIE. Aw, cut it out, kid. You're in swell and don't know it. (*Crosses down left. JACK runs swiftly to door. JIMMIE stops her and throws her back, right.*) You're a nice friend, you are; when a guy's tryin' to earn enough money to be married on, to try to queer

it like dis. Why, I'm goin' to get fifty bucks for dis, an' I only got twenty-five of it now. Ain't it de truth, Maggie? (*Crosses down left.*)

MAGGIE (*rises and pulls off her wig*). Sure.

JACK (*screams joyfully*). Maggie! (*Embraces her.*)

MAGGIE. Sh, kid! Sh!

JACK. Maggie, Maggie! Come, let us go.

MAGGIE. Not yet, dear. Jimmie, did ye 'phome de doctor?

JIMMIE. Sure t'ing.

MAGGIE (*excitedly*). Jimmie saw to-night dat dat guy was tryin' to double-cross ye when he met him on de street corner of de avenue. He told Jimmie he'd give him fifty dollars just to telephone you a lie. Well, Jimmie needed de money, an' he made up his mind to look out for you an' teach dat fresh guy a lesson. I'm sorry he done it, darlin'. But it will all come right, and—sh! (*Puts on wig quickly and sits, left of barrel.*)

JIMMIE (*runs to door and looks off right*). It ain't nothin'. (*Crosses down left.*)

MAGGIE (*rises and continues*). So when dat guy wanted an old woman to stay wid you, Jimmie said dat he knowed one, so he told me all about it an' I fixed up an' came.

JACK. Oh, Maggie, let us go at once.

JIMMIE. What? Before I git me twenty-five? Sh! He's comin'! (*He runs and looks out the door.* JACK makes a funny dive on to mattress. MAGGIE quickly sits, right of barrel.)

RIDER enters from back right.

RIDER. Is she sleeping?

JIMMIE. Sure t'ing.

RIDER. You gave her the powder?

JIMMIE. You hear me warble.

RIDER. I've decided that it is safer to marry her at once.

JACK (*springs up quickly*). Oh! (*Remembers and flops down again. RIDER looks surprised.*)

JIMMIE (*with a funny little laugh*). Ha! Funny how she has dem spells. Jest jumps up and hollers every minute or so.

RIDER (*crosses to JACK and pulls her up.*) Jack. (*She is perfectly limp. He lets her fall back.*) We must awaken her. A justice of the peace will be here in half an hour. (*He lifts her to her feet. She remains limp although she stands.*) Jack! Jack! (*To JIMMIE.*) Here, you and the hag walk her around until she awakens. (*Calls to MAGGIE.*) Here, you! (*Motions her to take hold of JACK.*)

JIMMIE (*takes hold of MAGGIE*). Come on, mudder.

(*MAGGIE and JIMMIE go to right and left of JACK, take her by the arms and walk back and forth across the stage with funny business, JACK playing limp.*)

RIDER. That's right. Keep her moving. I'll be back soon with the justice.

JIMMIE. Sure, bo. We'll keep her movin'.

RIDER. That's right. (*Exits, center door and right.*)

(*JACK, MAGGIE and JIMMIE keep walking until they are sure RIDER has gone. Then—*)

JACK (*straightens up and laughs*). My! I was so—

MAGGIE. Look out! (*They resume same business of walking JACK back and forth. Pause; he listens; they all stop.*) False alarm.

MAGGIE. Here, Jack, change clothes with me—quick! Stand outside and watch, Jimmie.

JIMMIE. Surest t'ing ye know. (*Exits, center door and to the right.*)

MAGGIE. Dat dog hound'll soon be back. (*She takes off dress or loose wrapper; she has on a funny old corset and a red, long-sleeved flannel shirt. NOTE: This business can be done by just changing long cloaks, but the other is very funny.*) Here; take my dress (or "cloak"), and you give me your cloak. Hurry up, honey, we'll give dat fresh guy a surprise. Let me help ye. Fits quick, don't it, honey. (*Helps JACK put on dress.*) Fasten it here. Dat's de way. Now put on de old lady's fixin's. (*Puts wig on JACK and then an old shawl over her head and shoulders.*) Now I'll put dis gorgerous op'ry cloak on. Gee, ain't I de swell doll! (*Very haughtily.*) James, is me limmerzine ready? Roll her around to de front door. Gee, ain't it great to be rich! Now, dearie, Jimmie can take you out and you can go home. Jump into de first taxi ye meet. I'll stay here till Jimmie gits his money.

JIMMIE (*off stage, back right*). Kin I come in, kids?

MAGGIE. Sure. Come on in, Jim.

JIMMIE *enters from back right.*

JIMMIE. Are ye all ready, kid?

MAGGIE. Sure, she's ready. (*Puts hood of cloak over her own head; or can use veil to cover head and face.*)

JIMMIE. Den come on.

JACK (*turning*). I can't go and leave you, Maggie.

(JIMMIE *stands in doorway, looking off right.*)

MAGGIE (*crossing up right*). Sure, I kin take care of meself. Hurry up, Jackie.

RIDER (*off stage, back right*). This way. Look out.

MAGGIE. Sh! (*Runs quickly.*)

JIMMIE (*in an undertone*). Too late, kid; here he is.

(*JACK runs quickly and sits on box right of barrel. MAGGIE throws herself on the mattress, right, in JACK's place. JIMMIE stands up left center.*)

RIDER *enters from back right, followed by DRAKE.*

RIDER (*walking down center, to JIMMIE*). How is she?

JIMMIE. Oh, she's all right.

RIDER (*to DRAKE*). This boy will act as witness. Come on.

JIMMIE (*goes down center*). Hold on. I gotta have me twenty-five bucks first.

RIDER (*angrily*). Well, you're not going to get them until to-morrow, according to our agreement.

JIMMIE (*with finality*). All right, bo. No bucks, no weddin' bells. (*Starts for door.*)

RIDER. Hold on. (*Takes bills from pocket.*) Here—curse you! (*Hands money to JIMMIE.*)

JIMMIE (*shoves money in pocket*). Same to you and many of 'em. (*Goes up center.*)

(*RIDER goes right, to MAGGIE, whom he mistakes for JACK. MAGGIE acts stupid, hanging her head so RIDER cannot see her face. He leads her slowly to left of barrel.*)

RIDER (*to DRAKE*). All right, hurry up.

DRAKE (*goes down left to them and reads rapidly*). "Do you take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife?"

RIDER. I do!

DRAKE (to MAGGIE). "Do you take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband?"

(MAGGIE does not reply. There is a pause.)

RIDER (impatiently). All right. She said, "I do."

MAGGIE. Dat's a durn lie! (*Throws cloak aside, revealing her face. RIDER falls back, astonished. She turns to him.*) You low-down, sneakin' crooked crook! (*She crosses to DRAKE, who has retreated to the extreme left.*) And you get out o' here pretty durn quick! I know you, Mr. Drake. Now, you git!

(DRAKE, frightened, backs away from MAGGIE down stage, then suddenly runs quickly through doorway and off right.)

RIDER (to JIMMIE). What the deuce does this mean?

MAGGIE (turns on RIDER). Just dis; you're goin' to git what's comin' to you!

JIMMIE (*who has been standing at right of door, crosses down to barrel*). Surest t'ing ye know.

RIDER. Where is the girl?

JACK (*rising and taking off wig*). Here I am, Mr. Rider—and with friends. (*Slips out of dress or cloak which she has over her own dress.*)

RIDER (*threateningly*). I'll see you again! (*Starts toward door.*)

JIMMIE (*anticipating RIDER, jumps to door and bars the way; he has quietly drawn a revolver*). Don't be in a hurry, bo. Stay an' visit a spell.

RIDER (*backs away, left, but tries big bluff*). Are you trying to frighten me?

JIMMIE. I ain't tryin', bo. I gotcha faded and tied to de mast. Hold up y'r hands—stick 'em up! Dat's de ticket to de ball game. Now sit down over dere (*waves RIDER to right of barrel*). Hurry up, or

I'll make ye t'ink it's Fourt' of July, an' dat y're surrounded wid firecrackers. (RIDER, *frightened, backs down stage and sits right of barrel*. JIMMIE *crosses down to left of barrel*.) Here, Mag. Dere's a little white powder in me left-hand vest pocket. Mr. Rider ain't feelin' well. I t'ink a little sleep would keep him quiet until de doctor comes.

RIDER (*springs up angrily*). See here! You can't—

JIMMIE (*angrily and determinedly*). Mr. Rider, if ye t'ink y'r bean is wort' anyt'ing to ye, sit down! (RIDER *sizes up JIMMIE, sees he means it and slowly sits down*. MAGGIE *takes a small paper powder out of JIMMIE's vest pocket*.) Put dat powder in a little water, Mag, an' give it to Mr. Rider.

MAGGIE (*puts powder in water in glass on barrel, crosses and offers glass to RIDER*). Here, pretty boy. Drink dis f'r mudder.

RIDER (*is going to refuse, then sees the gun in JIMMIE's hand, and drinks*). See here. I'll give you a hundred dollars—

JIMMIE. Gee! A hundred dollars!

RIDER (*anxiously*). Yes.

JIMMIE. Have ye got it wid ye?

RIDER. Yes.

JIMMIE. Let's see it.

RIDER (*takes bill from pocket*). There.

JIMMIE. An' I kin have dat? Ye mean it?

RIDER. Yes, I mean it.

JIMMIE. Take it, Mag. (MAGGIE *takes it quickly*.)

RIDER. On condition that you will let me go, of course.

JIMMIE. No, bo. I like ye too well to let ye go. But I'll keep de money f'r de damage ye done me feelin's, when ye t'ought ye could bribe me to cheat

Dr. Carlyle out of de joy he's goin' to feel when he gits his mitts on you.

RIDER (*blustering*). I'll have you arrested for stealing that money.

JIMMIE. I ain't stealin' it, bo. Ye gave it to Maggie. Besides, too much money ain't good f'r ye, bo. It makes ye t'ink ye kin buy anyt'ing wid it. Now, I ain't so spoiled. Give me de money, Maggie. (*Holds out left hand, but keeps gun in right, pointed at RIDER.*)

MAGGIE. No, Jimmie; it might spoil ye. I'll keep it. (*Puts bill in her stocking.*)

JIMMIE (*in comic dismay*). What do you know about dat! Dat's right, Mag. Start a bank account f'r de children. (*Grins.*) Surest t'ing ye know.

RIDER (*defiantly*). Look here, Jim—

(*DOCTOR knocks outside door, back right.*)

JIMMIE. Here dey are.

RIDER (*jumps up, frightened*). Jim—be square with a pal.

(*DOCTOR knocks again.*)

JIMMIE (*to RIDER*). Stay where you are! Open de door, Mag.

(*MAGGIE runs out doorway and off right. RIDER stands right of center, facing the doorway, and with his back half-turned to the audience.*)

MAGGIE (*off stage, back right*). Hello, doctor. We've been waitin' for ye.

DOCTOR and PAUL enter from back right.

JACK (*running up to doorway*). Daddy!

DOCTOR (*taking her in his arms*). My little girl! (*Sees RIDER.*) And you, Rider—

(RIDER, beginning to feel the effects of the powder, stupidly makes a dash for the door. PAUL stops him and there is a short struggle.)

PAUL. No you don't, Rider! (*Throws him down at left.*)

DOCTOR (*turns at door and looks off, back right*). All right, officer.

RIDER (*feeling drowsy*). Let me—ex—explain.

JONES *enters from back right, crosses down left and takes hold of RIDER.*

JIMMIE. Take him to de coop, officer, an' put him to bed. He's sleepy.

DOCTOR. I'll follow soon, officer.

(JONES *exits with RIDER, through doorway and off right.*)

DOCTOR. Jimmie, it looks as if we owe you a lot.

JIMMIE (*standing at left, beside MAGGIE*). Oh, dat's all right, doc'. Pay me when ye git ready. I don't need de money jes' now.

(JACK *stands on tiptoes and whispers in DOCTOR's ear.*)

DOCTOR (*smiles*). Paul. She said, "yes."

PAUL (*holding out his arms to her*). Jackie! (JACK *runs into his arms.*)

JIMMIE (*holding his arms open*). Maggie! Slide to first base!

(MAGGIE *slides into JIMMIE's arms*. DOCTOR *laughs heartily.*)

CURTAIN.

Denison's Select Plays

ALL ON ACCOUNT OF POLLY

By Harry L. Newton. Comedy in 3 acts; 6 males, 10 females (2 children). Time, 2¼ hours. Price, 35 Cents.

AN ARIZONA COWBOY

By Sheldon Parmer. Comedy-drama in 4 acts; 7 males, 5 females. Time, 2¼ hours. Price, 35 Cents.

A CABIN COURTSHIP

By Irene Jean Crandall. Comedy in 3 acts; 5 males, 4 females. Time, 2 hours. Price, 35 Cents.

CLUBBING A HUSBAND

By Edith F. A. U. Painton. Comedy in 3 acts; 12 females. Time, 2 hours. Price, 35 Cents.

A DREAM OF QUEEN ESTHER

By Walter Ben Hare. Biblical drama in 3 acts; 3 males, 16 females. Time, 2¼ hours. Price, 35 Cents.

THE KINGDOM OF HEART'S CONTENT

By Lindsey Barbee. College comedy in 3 acts; 6 males, 12 females. Time, 2¼ hours. Price, 35 Cents.

THE LAUGHING CURE

By Edith F. A. U. Painton. Comedy in 2 acts; 4 males, 5 females. Time, 1¾ hours. Price, 35 Cents.

LIGHTHOUSE NAN

By Sheldon Parmer. Sea-coast drama in 3 acts; 5 males, 4 females. Time, 2¼ hours. Price, 35 Cents.

RUTH IN A RUSH

By Lindsey Barbee. Comedy in 3 acts; 5 males, 7 females. Time, 2½ hours. Price, 35 Cents.

A SOUTHERN CINDERELLA

By Walter Ben Hare. Comedy-drama in 3 acts; 7 females. Time, 2 hours. Price, 35 Cents.

A TRIAL OF HEARTS

By Lindsey Barbee. College comedy in 4 acts; 6 males, 18 females. Time, 2¼ hours. Price, 35 Cents.

WAY DOWN ALONG

By Gladys Ruth Bridgham. Comedy in prologue and 2 acts; 7 males, 3 females. Time, 2 hours. Price, 35 Cents.

T. S. Denison & Company, Publishers

623 S. Wabash Ave.

CHICAGO

Denison's Acting Plays

Our list comprises hundreds of titles—comedies, dramas, farces, vaudeville sketches, musical comedies and revues, minstrel material, little theatre playlets, etc. All shades of sentiment are represented, and all varieties of talent, number of characters and time required in presentation are provided for in this list. Denison's Acting Plays contain detailed description of stage business, characters, costumes, settings, and full instructions for staging.

Popular Entertainment Books

In this series are books touching every feature in the entertainment field; Dialogues for all ages, Speakers, Recitations, Monologues, Drills, Entertainments, suitable for all occasions; handbooks for home, school and church, etc. Over sixty titles, each written by a specialist in his given line. The books are finely made, clear print, good paper, and each has a most attractive, individual cover design. One of the best and most complete entertainment series published.

Send for Complete Descriptive Catalogue

T. S. Denison & Company, Publishers

623 S. Wabash Ave.

CHICAGO



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 348 065 0